

FEMALE POLICY

DETECTED:

OR,

The Arts of a Defaming
W O M A N

Laid Open.

By E. W. Author of the *London-Spy*, and
Trip to Jamaica.

TREATING,

- I. Of their Allurements, Inconstancy, Love, Revenge, Pride and Ingratitude.
- II. A Pleasant and Profitable Discourse in Defence of Married Men, against Pevish, Fretful, Scolding Wives; with several Notable Examples of the Mischiefs and Miseries which have attended their Lust and Pride.
- III. A true Character of a Vertuous WOMAN; or, Wife indeed. To which is added, A Poetical Discription of a
WIDOW, WIFE, and MAID.

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T H E
Epistle Dedicatory
T O T H E
Apprentices of London.

WE may observe the Happiness or Unhappiness that waits upon this Life, are most commonly owing to the Vigilant and Industrious, or the Careless and Ungovern'd Actions of our Youth ; and as the former lays a probable Foundation, upon which (by a continued Care) we may build our succeeding Fortunes to a comfortable height, so the latter robs us of that Substance upon which we ought, for our Security, to place the Pedestal of our future Prosperity : And as there is nothing tends more to the Destruction of Youth, or renders 'em the more incapable of considering their own Welfare, than the Conversation of Intriguing Women, I thought, Young Men, I could not do you a better Service in this Age, where to tempt cunningly, and deceive slyly, are the Study of the Female Sex, than present you with a small Pocket-Piece, which shall serve as Armour to Defend you from the Darts thrown by wanton and designing Women, whose evil-Communication corrupts good Manners

A

ners, and will make you, if deluded by them, disobedient to the Laws of God, undutiful Children to your Parents, unjust Servants to your Masters, ill Husbands, when you marry, to your Wives, and bad Fathers to your Children. There is nothing more evident, than that several young Men in this City, have been drawn aside, to their Ruin, by the attracting Sorcery of these bewitching Load-Stones.

To prevent which, the Magistrates have done their Parts, and nothing is requir'd further, (for the more effectual Promotion of the City's Glory) but your Care to avoid the Lust and Subtily of those private Madams, whose gay Apparel, and false Pretence to Modesty gives them Covert in reputable Families, when they herd with the Virtuous, declaim against the Vices of the Age, and seem to wonder at that Wickedness in others, which themselves do practice daily, to maintain their Pride.

I have therefore taught you how to know these Vultures in Peacocks Plumes, and how to avoid them, and how to Converse with them without Prejudice, in the following Treatise, which I dedicate to your View, and commend to your Practice, as you are the Flower of our Nation, and Glory of the Metropolis, to whom

I AP 64

I Subscribe my self,

Your most humble Servant,

E. Ward.

FEMALE POLICY

Detected, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Allurements of WOMEN.

OF all Vices, an unlawful Freedom with the *Female-Sex*, is the most predominant; and of all Sins hath the most powerful Temptations and many Allurements to betray and draw Men into this Folly. The Inducements of the Fair Sex are so prevailing, a Propensity in Nature so forcible, it is hard to stand unmov'd, when tempted forward by the Charms of a subtle Woman, and drove by the frail Desires of an unbounded Lust.

But as there is no Passion too strong to be conquer'd, or Temptation too great to be resisted; so if you will observe the Maxims I shall give you in this little Treatise, you'll be arm'd against *Beauty*; make *Love* your *Subject*; and all the Subtleties of the *Fair Sex* shall truckle, and become Instru-

ments of Direction, instead of your Ruin.

Be careful how you conceive too good an Opinion of a Woman at first Sight, for you see not the Woman truly, but her Ornaments. Paint, Patches, and fine Dresses, are to hide Defects; for Beauty, like Truth, is always best when plainest.

Many in rich Ornaments look inviting, whose Beauty, when they undress, flies away with their Apparel, and leaves you (as *Juno* did *Ixion*) nothing but a cloudy Mistress to embrace.

If you like a Woman, and would discover if she be in Nature, what she may seem by Art, surprize her in a Morning undrest, and it is Ten to One, but you will find your Goddess hath shifted off her Divinity, and the Angel you so much admir'd, turn'd into a *Magmation*.

Be always Jealous of a Maid who extols her own Virtue; a Wife who exclaims against her own Husband in his Absence; and a Widow that courts your Company; for when a Woman praises her Virtues, 'tis as a Shopkeeper does a Commodity, desiring to be rid of it; and she that sticks not to lay open the Failings of her Husband to another, will, to the same Man, lay open herself, whenever he shall require it of her; and when a Widow seems fond of your Conversation, before 'tis through Design, and if you are not careful, she will bury you alive.

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Be not tempted to pick up any Woman in the Street; but if you should, be sure you have one Eye before, and another behind; for wheresoever Lust leads, Danger follows.

Covet not the Presents of a fond Woman, for they are Baits left to insnare you; and while you think you're a Gainer by her Gifts, you are losing your Self.

Whoever is trepann'd by a Woman's Smiles, is as a Fly hamper'd in a Cobweb, who waits the leisure of the Spider when he shall be devour'd.

He that serves the Lust of a Woman, makes himself her Monkey, for she admires him no longer than while he is playing with his Tail.

Be careful how you live upon a Whore, as how you keep one; for by the former you will get nothing, and by the latter lose every thing you have got.

Mistrust a Woman that seems Rich by her own Discourse; for she that talks much of her Fortune, hath generally but little.

Think not every Woman Rich that wears gay Apparel, for many forfeit their Virtue to maintain their Pride.

Build not too great a Faith on the Sight of a few Guineas, or a Gold Watch, these may be but Shooeing-Horns to draw you to your Ruin.

Believe no Man's Affirmation of a Woman's Fortune, unless you know him; for

Designs are never carried on without Abettors.

Be sure of her Portion, tho' you take her Virtue upon Credit; but he that takes both upon Trust, may find, when too late, he hath neither to trust to.

Endeavour not to continue a Woman's Love by Gifts, for every present you make her may be the Purchase of a Rival: Besides, they love Gifts, and if you use them to it, they will Love you no longer than you are Giving.

Believe not the trivial Favours of a Woman, a Demonstration of her Love; for they take Pride to be belov'd, tho' it be by those they Scorn.

Raise not an Opinion of your self upon the Flatteries of a Woman, nor think her Praises any sign of Love, but of her Cunning; for designing Women, like great Politicians, flatter them most they design to Ruin. Let no Woman charm you with the Musick of a smooth Tongue, for many can Talk well, that Act ill.

Believe no Woman the more Virtuous for resisting the first Attempt; for like besieged Towns, they'll withstand several Efforts, and at last Surrender upon Capitulation.

Some Women (like strong Holds) are to be taken but one Way, which if you cannot readily discover, be Content, she will find

find Ways to direct you, if she likes you.

When a lewd Woman serves your Necessity, 'tis with a certain Expectancy you should serve her Lust. Her Kindnesses are measur'd by your Capacity, and a Continuance of her Favours dwell upon the Repetition of your Performances. She will stretch her Purse-Strings to support you in Extravagancy, if you strain as hard to supply her unbounded Leachery: But you may be sure she will be your Servant no longer than you will remain her Drudge.

He that is Stallion to a Whore, is a Slave to Iniquity, and a Champion to another's Vices; a Coward in a good Cause, and a Curse to himself.

Let no Woman tempt you by her Wit, to Love her; for she who hath Wit enough to tempt you, hath enough to deceive you.

Suffer not your self to be ensnar'd by a Woman over-free in her Gestures, or Conversation; for whosoever is much active in Behaviour, behaves her self like a lover of much Action, and whosoever is free in much Company, will be much freer when but *Two* together.

Think not the amorous Glances of a Woman towards you, gives you Title to her Affection; for they can look one Way, when their Hearts are another.

Expect no good Quality in a Woman more than what she shows; for it is a Maxim

im in their Politicks, to put the best Side outwards.

If you Love a Woman, be careful how you shew it ; for your nibling at the Bait may too early discover a willingness to be caught.

Waste not your Strength in the Enjoyments of Beauty, neither your Time or Money, in corrupting Virtue ; but marry a chaste Wife, of a good Family, with a moderate Fortune, and you need not question being Happy.

C H A P. II.

Of the Inconstancy of WOMEN.

WHosoever resigns her Virtue to gratify another's Will, will not scruple the same Freedom with another, to pleasure her own ; for few Women Love so well, as to Love a Gallant better than themselves.

She who will lose her Reputation to oblige you, will hazard your Love to gratify her self ; and she that will do both, can never be Constant.

Put no Confidence in a Woman that has lost her Honour ; for she who is without Reputation, hath nothing to engage her to be Faithful.

Con-

Constancy is maintain'd by Virtue ; and she that hath lost her Virtue, hath nothing left to oblige her to be Constant.

She that prefers Pleasure before Virtue, will be constant to her Lust, but not to you.

Nothing engages a Man's Affections so much to a Woman, as a Belief of her Constancy ; but 'tis better to believe her otherwise, for then she can never deceive you : Women are sensible that Constancy is more priz'd than Beauty ; but it is a Maxim among their Sex, to Deceive us most in what we most Value.

Nothing is more Ridiculous than to keep a Miss ; for she that you keep, will keep another if she can ; there being the same Ambition in her to be Mistress of another, as there is in you to be Master of her ; and he that thinks a Woman Constant, because he keeps her, proves a Knave to himself, and a Fool to his Madam.

Put not Faith in a Woman that is Wise to another ; for she who is not Constant to her Husband, will never be so to you.

A Woman who hath a Husband, and will admit of a Gallant, let him look upon her as faithful as Monsieur Raggou's Mistress, who was Constant to the whole Troop.

A marry'd Woman, if Lewd, is subtle by Experience ; for she who hath her Husband to deceive every Day, can deceive a Gallant at Leisure.

A du-

A durable Love is the supporter of Constancy ; but that Love can never be lasting which stands on a false Bottom.

Be constant to no Woman but a Wife ; if you be, you deceive your self ; expect no Constancy in a Whore, for she will deceive you.

Credit no Woman's Words, who hath lost her Virtue, but believe the contrary, for she talks counter.

If you have contracted any Friendship with a Woman, let all she can do for you be no more than you deserve ; but if she prove constant, let it be more than you expect.

Think not a Woman is most faithful to him she is most fond of ; for to him she deceives most, she seems always most obliging.

Believe not all to be Virgins, that talk much of their Virginity ; for all would seem Maids that have been made otherwise.

To One, a Woman may be constant ; but if she divides her Affections between Two, she can be constant to neither.

If you are familiar with another's Wife, believe her not, when she says, She knows none but her Husband and You ; for she'll Swear to her Husband, she knoweth none but himself.

Credit nothing a Woman says, as to her Constancy or Virtue ; for she will justify her Innocence before him with whom she has been Guilty.

Love

Female Policy Detected.

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Love no Woman in the absence of her Husband ; you only stop a Gap for another who will return you no Thanks for your Labour ; and remember, his Approach will be your Distance.

If you Love a Woman, conceal it ; oblige her with Courtesies, but show no Passion ; for by your Prudence you may Master her, to whom a discovery of your Love will make you become a Servant.

Measure a Woman's Love by her Jealousy ; for she Loves him best of whom she is most jealous ; and of whom she is most jealous, to him she is most constant.

Be jealous of a Woman that won't be jealous of you ; for she that won't be jealous, Loves you not, and she that Loves you not, will never be constant to you.

Answer all the Expectations of a Woman you would keep constant ; for one single Neglect, hazards the loss of her Affections.

Keep a watchful Eye over the Woman which you Love ; seem not to be over-credulous of her Virtue ; if you do, she will make trials of your Faith.

She who Kisses her Husband in Publick, hath generally her Eyes upon him she would Kiss in Private ; and she that will Kiss both in Publick and Private, values not where she Kisses.

Be constant to your Wife, that she may be constant to you ; for Gratitude may constrain

strain a Woman to preserve those Bonds which Revenge may make her violate.

Chuse for your Wife a prudent Woman ; for Prudence preserves Virtue, Virtue Love, and Love Constancy.

Inconstancy in a Wife makes Wedlock a Bramble, which bears abundance of Thorns.

Inconstancy in a Husband makes Inconstancy in a Wife ; and an Inconstant Wife makes a Husband a constant Cuckold.

Trust no Man with your Wife abroad, nor Court your Friend to bear her Company at home in your Absence ; for Opportunity and Importunity may conquer the most heroick Virtue.

Carry no Man to your Mistress if you prize her ; for if she Loves you, she will be Civil to your Friend for your sake.

'Tis the Policy of a designing Woman, to oblige the Friend of him that Loves her, to acquaint her self, by that Means, with his Affairs, that she may manage him the better.

Most Women are of cold Constitutions, and under the Dominion of the Moon ; and remember 'tis an approv'd Maxim, *That all Sublunary Things are subject to Mutation.*

Constancy is a great Virtue, and its opposite is a dangerous Vice ; whoever neglects the former to practice the latter, is neither to be belov'd nor trusted.

'Tis

'Tis good to be Wise, 'tis Wisdom to be Just, and Just to be Constant.

C H A P. III.

Of the Love of WOMEN.

THE Love of a Woman is easie to be gain'd, but difficult to be preserv'd. You may with more ease subdue Virtue, and bring a chaste Woman to your Embraces, than engage her to be Constant.

'Tis a reciev'd Opinion among their Sex, That the Passion of Love ceases in a Man after Enjoyment, and the Esteem he had before of her Person, is much lessen'd by her condescension to his Desires, which conception occasions her to withdraw her Affections from you, (unless every Hour you confirm her in a different Faith by fresh Assurances) coveting to be-belov'd by some Body who hath a good Opinion of her Virtues; for there is nothing more certain, That Women who have been deceiv'd themselves, take a secret Delight in deceiving others; therefore you that are the deceivers, be careful you are not deceiv'd.

The Love of a Virgin is innocent and lasting, as her Virtue. The Love of a just Wife, friendly and delightful. The Love of a Widow politick and deceitful. The

Love of a lewd Women, lustful and revengeful.

If you are the Favourite of a Lady, and depend upon her Courtesies, you must be industrious to oblige her, and as watchful to preserve her from the Efforts of Rivals, or you will soon find your Mistress like a Pot-Gun, the last Pellet she receives, will drive out the former.

Simpathize not with a Woman who Loves you passionately; for, as she finds your Love increases, she will cool her own with the Assurance of yours.

If you have gain'd a Woman's Love, and would preserve it, besure be constant in your Visits, or you will find most Women have such bad Memories, that a Week's absence will make them forget you.

The Love of a Woman hath its Seasons, like the Year, its Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. It begins with a warm Desire, and is nourish'd to a greater heat, by the kind influence of the Object, till the Harvest of our Joys are full Ripe; but when the Fruits of her Affections are reap'd and gather'd, you will soon perceive some sharp Breezes, as Signs of an approaching Winter.

The Love of a Chaste Woman will be continu'd towards you as long as you behave yourself well; but the Love of a Woman who hath lost her Virtue, is but during pleasure.

Love

Love a Woman with Moderation, that Loves you to an Excess ; her Passion will naturally reduce it self to the same equality, for no Extreame are lasting ; and then you have the Advantage ; for the continuance of a little Love shews a constant Temper, and looks friendly and obliging, when a Passion cool'd to the same Indifferency, will look slighting and neglective. Besides, he that Loves a Woman too much, is apt to Love himself too little.

Depend not on the Love of a lewd Woman, 'tis a Reed will soon deceive you, her Love is intangled with her Lust ; to continue the one, is to be a Slave to the other, and rather than be that, I would share the Punishment of *Sisyphus*.

Secure not your Love to a Woman by Oaths or Protestations ; for she will then think you have bound yourself to continue that Respect, which would be otherwise her Care and Study to merit and preserve.

Let not the Protestations of a Woman's Love to you be a President for you to follow, tho' you Love her ; for she does it only to tempt you to give in the same Security, that she may have the more to upbraid you with, whenever you shall prove False.

If you are belov'd by a Person you cannot marry, whom you are willing to secure to your own Embraces, draw what you can from her by Insinuations ; the more you

get, the faster you bind her ; she will not part with that easily, which she hath purchas'd dearly ; and the more you cost her, the more she'll prize you.

The Love of a *Woman* is much to be pried, the Love of a *Wife* highly to be valued, but the Love of a vicious *Woman* deserves neither ; for she will Love any that will serve her Lust.

Give no Incouragement to the Love of another's *Wife* ; for it is Lustful in the beginning, Treacherous all along, and Dangerous in the end.

Love is a Distemper will wade thro' the greatest Difficulties to obtain a Cure ; he that is the Physician may exact what Fees he pleases ; therefore do you take care how you become the Patient.

Seraphick Love is the Bliss of Angels, mutual Love the Comfort of Mankind, natural Love the Chain of the World, but lustful Love the Mother of Misfortune.

To Love a Wife is our Duty, to Love a Friend is our Interest, but to Love a Cur-tizan is a dangerous Venture.

C H A P. IV.

Of the Malice and Revenge of WOMEN.

OF all Passions, that of *Revenge* is the the most opposite to Reason and good Humour : It will so far blind and deceive the Judgment, that Persons under this Madness value not what Injuries they do themselves in rashly attempting some trifling Prejudice to an Adversary. This Passion in *Women* springs frequently from the envenom'd Seeds of corrupted Love ; (as the best *Wines* once turn'd become the sharpest *Vinegar*) and is so predominant in this Sex, that they value nothing they do to accomplish those Ends in which the Sweetness of their *Revenge* is center'd ; and as they Love to Extreame, ev'ry little Neglect they construe a great Slight, and through their weakness, mistake Accident often for Design, and fling themselves by their own *Whimsies* and *Conceits*, into an evil Opinion of Persons whom they Love. Thus, oftentimes, they let their own Jealousies pass for Realities, and sowre their Affections into a sharp *Revenge*, without a just Occasion, turning Furies to those they Lov'd, thro' a fanciful Ingratitude ; which I conceive to

be the chief Reason why *Women* are much more subject to this Passion than *Men*.

Cover therefore no *Woman's* Love, but whom you will be diligent to Oblige; for a small Neglect is taken by them as a great Ingratitude.

Deal with a Revengeful *Woman* as with a Hand-Granado, which you cast from you as soon as the Fuse is lighted, lest it burst to the prejudice of him that fir'd it.

Have no Familiarity with her you have highly disoblig'd, lest, Bee-like, she Stings you with her Tail.

She who once lov'd you, and is turn'd your Enemy, look upon her always to be so; be not deluded by her Flatteries, to give it into her Power to hurt you; for *Women*, tho' they seem to forget a Wrong they have been forc'd to suffer, yet you will find they have good Memories when they have Power to Revenge it.

Trespass not on the Affections of a *Woman* who Loves you to Excess; for *Women* (like *Ale*) if over sweet, will turn sower the sooner.

Take not always a *Woman's* Frowns as Sights, nor her Smiles as a sure Argument of her Love; for every time the Sun is clouded, it does not predict foul Weather, and when it shines out, a Storm may be near at hand. *Women* can dissemble their Passions, and change their Looks, as a Scorpion can its Colour.

A Woman's Love is like to Vinegar, which can never be reduc'd to its primitive Goodness, but will always remain sowre till it's Dead.

Nothing is so revengeful as an injur'd Woman ; for which Reason, the Poets have order'd the Furies to be put up in the Feminine Gender.

The Love of a Virtuous Woman is a great Blessing ; but if once lost by Ingratitude, you will find that she will turn her Love that could not last, into a Revenge that will.

Shun a *Woman* that is your Enemy ; for every time she sees you, it puts her upon fresh Mischiefs.

If you have dealt ingratfully by a *Woman*, Converse with none that Respect her, lest at some time or other it should happen to your Prejudice.

The Passion of an envious *Woman* is virulent, and Flattery the only Antidote to expel the Poison. To Dissemble, shows more Prudence than to Aggravate ; by the one you may pacify the Fury of Fermented Spirits, when the other will beget in your Enemy fresh Resolutions of further Mischiefs.

Be Merciful to those you can over-power ; but Flatter such Enemies you cannot Conquer ; for Revenge (tho' sweet to those who seek it) is always bitter to the Sufferers.

Some

Some *Women* are so politickly Penitent, after a Revenge compleated, they will palliate the Injury with succeeding Pity; but think the Sorrow of such a Person as great as hers, who (weeping) follows a dead Husband to the Grave, whom she has wisht out of the *World* a thousand times whilst he was living.

Changes in inconstant Tempers are never to be minded, she who does you a wilful Injury, and seems sorry for it, it is your Prudence to believe she only Grieves, that the Mischief she hath done you is no greater.

Trust an Enemy who hath once Hurt you, upon a Reconciliation, no further than you would the fawning of a Mastiff Dog, who hath attempted to worry you.

Most *Women* are politick in their Love, but much more subtle in their Revenge; therefore be careful how you affront them, or deceive them to deserve it: Besides, 'tis Ignoble to offend the *Peevish*, or Hurt the *Weak*.

Make not her that Loves you, by Ingratitude, your Enemy; for Revenge (like a Crab-Tree) produces a sweet Blossom, but a sowre Fruit.

C H A P. V.

Of the Pride of *W O M E N*.

STateliness in a Woman may become her as she Walks ; but Pride in Conversation is hateful and ridiculous, and exposes the Persons affected with it, to the Censures of the Company in such aukward Gestures, and uncouth Behaviours, such peremptory Sentences, and impertinent Loquacities, that Offends both the Eyes and Ears of all that have either Modesty or Prudence. Nothing shows the want of Judgment more than Female Pride, which is, doubtless, nourish'd by the vain Conceits of their own Perfections, and begets such a self-Love, grounded upon self-Opinion, that they look upon their whole Sex beside with Envy and Contempt, and like *Narcissus*, daily dote on the Reflection of their own imaginary Excellencies. Cast not your Eyes too often upon such *Women*, for they are chargeable Mistresses, implacable Wives, and ill Mothers to their Children.

A proud *Woman*, like an imprudent Prince, always loves him best by whom she is most flatter'd.

If you aim at the Favours of a lofty Mistress, you must highly extol her Person and
Parts,

Parts, and concede with her Opinion in all Things, tho' never so opposite to Reason ; for Flattery and Humility must be the supporters of your Interest.

Let pride in a fine Woman anticipate your Admiration ; for never admire her who admires herself too much ; conceive her as a large Looking-Glass crack'd, by which single Defect it is render'd of a small Value, by reason it can never be mended.

Pride in a witty *Woman*, is like a *Whetstone* to a *Scythe*, it only serves to sharpen her Reflections, and makes her a more dangerous *Weapon* for a Man to meddle with.

A proud *Woman* like a stately Horse, must be rid with a Curb and manag'd with a strait Rein, or she will soon be the Bane of her Rider.

If you marry a haughty *Woman*, you ought to have a good Estate , for you will find a proud Wife in a low Station, will be an uncomfortable Companion, and the first in Adversity that shall lend a helping Hand to your Ruin.

Pride in a Friend is dangerous, in a Mistress chargeable ; but in a *Wife*, an implacable Torment.

Many *Women* have Virtue enough to resist the bare attempts of Familiarity ; but few that can stand against the powerful Charms of Gold, fine Dresses, Coach and Horses, and Attendance. It is Grandeur
influ-

influences Pride, and leads Ambition by the Nose through the worst of Vices ; for there are many who are honestly Poor by constraint, who would willingly commit an evil to be Rich.

Many *Women* have forfeited their Virtue to gratify their Lust, but more to maintain their Pride ; and Lust, tho' it will make a *Woman* a *Whore*, yet 'tis Pride that makes her Mercenary.

That Virtue is never safe which is under the Guardianship of Pride, the latter will be maintain'd, tho' the former is sacrific'd to maintain it.

He that hath a proud *Woman* to his *Wife* is like an Oak begirt with Ivy ; he suffers himself to be embraced by that which will bring him to his Ruin.

When Ambition leads the Van, the whole Body of Vice follows ; and wherever you see Pride in the Front, before Lust marches in the Rear.

Pride in a beautiful *Woman* is like a flaw in a Diamond, it lessens the value, spoils the Lustre, and remains incurable.

He that marries a proud *Wife*, is as unhappy as a Prince who hath a rebellious Nation to Govern ; as the latter must grant every Petition of the People, to secure Peace in his Kingdom, so must the former every Request of his *Wife*, to preserve the same in his Family.

Of all Imperfections in a *Woman*, Pride is the most intollerable; for that is hardest to be excus'd, which is never to be mended,

Pride in a *Wife* makes a Husband appear little; it often compels him to submit, where he hath Right to govern.

He that hath a prudent *Wife*, hath a guardian Angel by his Side; but he that hath a proud *Wife*, hath the Devil at his Elbow.

A proud *Woman* is an imperious *Wife*, an undutiful Daughter, an implacable Mistress, a harsh Mother, and a saucy Servant.

Pride is the Parent of Iniquity, the Innovator of Vice, the Seed of Rebellion, and the Rise of Faction. Pride lost Mankind their Paradise, the *World* its Peace, and made a Devil of an Angel.

C H A P. VI.

Of the Ingratitude of WOMEN.

LET no Man deceive himself with the expectation of Gratitude in a mercenary *Woman*, for she who for Silks and Sattins, or a splended Maintainance, will submit to your Pleasure, and swear Constancy to her Keeper, shall be the first that forsakes you in a declining condition: And though she hath built a Provision for herself,

out

out of the Ruines of your Fortune, yet she shall be the last Person that shall lend you the least Assistance when your Occasions shall most require it. Therefore look upon whatsoever you give such a *Woman* to be buried as in a deep Sea, from whence no returns can be expected.

If you love a *Woman*, be not deluded by her trifling Presents to make chargeable Returns; for that's the aim of her Policy. Let not a *Point Cravat*, because 'tis her own working, give her Title to a Settlement out of your Estate, lest whilst your Mistress extols your Gratitude, the World laughs at your Folly.

Giving Presents to a Woman to secure her Love, is as Vain as endeavouring to fill a Sieve with Water; for you may continue giving the one, and pouring into the other, till the last Trump sound, e'er you find the one the faster, or the other the fuller.

The Gratitude of a mercenary Woman lies only in her Tail, with it she dissolves all Obligations, and will still be a gainer even when the Debt is paid.

Whoever blames a Woman for her Ingratitude, is equally culpable for trusting her with the Power to prove so; for love with moderation, keeps a close Heart and a weary Hand, and her Ingratitude can never hurt you.

Debauch no Virgin to maintain her after, lest you are serv'd as a Gentleman, who having wasted his Fortune in the extravagant support of a young Gentlewoman whom he had first defiled, sent his Man to her upon a particular Exigency, to desire her to lend him ten Guineas, to which she answered, *Pray present my service to your Master, and tell him, when he hath made me amends for the Virtue he hath forc'd from me, I shall be glad to oblige him; but I cannot but wonder he should think I would lend Money to him who hath robbed me already of that which admits of no Restitution, but for ever continues him my Debtor.*

Therefore corrupt no Virgin; for the surrender of her Virtue to your Embraces, will remain upon you as a perpetual Obligation, and serve her at all Times to excuse the highest Ingratitude, or the greatest Injury; she shall condemn you under all the Mischiefs you shall suffer by her means, crying, You were first her Ruin, and all the Evils she can do you is no more than you deserve.

Love is the Ligature that binds a Woman to Gratitude, she that loves you, will gratefully accept, and generously return the least Favour that shall signalize the Affection of the Giver, but a *designing Woman* esteems the Donor by his Presents, and not the Present by the Donor.

She

She that hath a Design upon you, will first oblige you with some engaging Courtesy to become her Debtor, but be careful of those Women who are generous in the beginning, lest you pay, with your Ruin, for their kindness in the end.

Ingratitude is said to be worse than the Sin of *Witchcraft*, and he that trusteth a *Woman* he hath once found ungrateful, is worse than bewitch'd.

Court not a Reconciliation with a *Woman* who hath once deceiv'd you, lest she triumphs over your Submission, and make you become an Ass to bear the Luggage of her Infirmities.

To a *Woman* you Love, behave your self boldly, and with Freedom, though justly and respectfully, for a manly Carriage will awe her to be grateful, when a cringing Fondness may occasion her to presume on your good Nature.

In Commendation of Virtue.

VIRTUE, thou Ornament of human Life,
That crowns the Virgin, and adorns the Wife,
From thy blest Treasure of Contentments flow
All the true Blessings we enjoy below.
Those sweet Delights which in thy Bosom dwell,
Rise up in Springs, and into Rivers swell;
Which know no Ebb or Storm, but free from Noise
Flow calmly in a constant Tide of Joys.

Thou bring'st Contentment to the meanest Birth,
And gives us taste of Heaven here on Earth :
From whence, thro' cristal Innocence, we see
A pleasing Prospect of Eternity.

Where Angels, to receive the Virtuous, wait,
And bid them Welcome to a happier State.

When Vice hath drest her wanton Daughter's Head,
With Tresses loose, in airy Modes displaid,
Complection heighten'd, and improv'd by Paint,
And all the Arts that Pride could e'er invent,

Yet Virtue in plain Coif, adorn'd no way,
By Nature looks so innocently Gay, (they.

She in her homespun Garb shines brighter far than
As precious Gems of which the Indies boast,

The plainer set, the greater Lustre cast ;

Virtue, like Beauty, wants no study'd Smile,
But of it self shines bright without a Foil.

Could the corrupted World but truly Taste

The sweet Delights which vicious Actions blast,

Their lewd Excesses they'd repeat no more,

Their counterfeit Enjoyments soon give o'er,

To gaze at Virtue's Beams, and the chaste Dame adore.

'Tis she emboldens us to fear no Fate,

And gives Contentment to the meanest State.

Closely embrac'd, she blesteth each Degree,

With a Calm Mind from Perturbation free,

And by Content improves Felicity.

Would all Mankind her pleasing Footsteps tread,

Which do to Truth, and all Perfections lead,

Sexes would joyn, as Angels do above,

Not to fulfill their Lust, but deal their Love.

In Dispraise of Vice.

With what reproachful Blushes do the Wise
Those follies which the Age embrace despise?

With wonder and contempt they gaze to see,

Virtue thus sacrific'd to Letchery,

By the Sly Snares of Female Policy,

What

What strange Temptations draw the World aside,
 To embrace *Vice*, and *Virtue's* Charms deride ;
 As Thieves and Russians, who abhor the Light,
 Shun the bright Day, and seek the gloomy Night,
 Tell me, mistaken Souls, what Baits allure,
 From *Virtue's* Paths, so pleasing and so sure,
 Where no deep *sloughs*, or dangerous *bogs* are found,
 But sundry Prospects of Delight all round ;
 Who'd quit so happy so secure a Road,
 To waid along in Filthiness and Mud ;
 Where Paths so rugged are, Friend justles Friend,
 Each for Precedency in *Vice* contend ;
 But Sorrow is (alas!) their Journey's end.
 So is th' unwary Traveller betray'd,
 When by an *Ignis Fatuus* misled, (ch'rous Guide
 'Mong Brakes and Pools, from whence the trea-
 Flies undiscern'd, and doth his Taper hide ;
 Leaving the wand'ring Wretch quite void of Light,
 Expos'd to all the accidents of Night.
 Thus fare th' unhappy Mortals who recede
 From *Virtue's* Paths, the tracts of *Vice* to tread,
 Where fears and cares each wanton Step succeed.
 Look at the Monster *Vice* with steady Eye,
 Who thus devours the World's Tranquility,
 You may discern the Beast in ev'ry part,
 By Nature black, though whiten'd o'er by Art ;
 As Strumpets when Distemper'd and Unclean,
 Paint fair their out-sides, when most foul within.
Vice, thou black Parent of Revenge and Strife,
 Thou shame of human Race, and sting of Life ;
 By thy rank Bowels every ill is fed,
 From thee all Rapes and Villanies proceed ;
Ambition, Envy, Lust, Adultery,
Murder, Rebellion, every Infamy,
 Have all their birth and nourishment from thee.
 Shun the dark Fiend, and its alluring Toys,
 Reject its Trifles, and embrace true Joys ;
 Which if you'll find, chuse *Virtue* for your Guides
 Woo the kind Dame, and keep her by your side
 Kiss her soft Lips, and Wed her for your Bride.

T H E

SECOND BOOK;

A Pleasant and Profitable

DISCOURSE

In Defence of

MARRIED MEN,

Against Peevish, Fretful,

SCOLDING WIVES.

*With several Notable Examples of the
Mischiefs and Miseries which have
attended their Lust and Pride.*

HAVING in the foregoing
Book laid down proper Rules
and Maxims for the avoiding
the Arts of a designing Woman,
I shall now to deter Men from running Head-
long upon a marriage State, without Consi-
deration,

deration, entertain them with a Discourse of their other most shameful and abominable Vices, and that somewhat longer than the former, whereby they may see what Vanity, Misery, Mischief, and Ruin, attends an implacable, noisy, scolding *Wife*.

C H A P. I.

THEN, there scarce happens any notorious Murder, Cheat, or Villany, throughout the World, but a *Woman* is found to be in the bottom of it : Of this, the dying Words of too many ensnared Souls at the Gallows, convince us daily : For the Arts and Designs of an insatiable *Woman*, are so full of variety of Trick and Design, that it is almost impossible for a Man to be their Companion without Debauchery, and thereby ingage, and enter himself in the Lists, as a Vassal to their Pride and Lust.

For *Women* being compared to many Things, even so many, and many more Troubles come galloping after the Heels of a *Woman*, that young Men before hand do not think of, for the World is not made all of Oat-meal, nor all is not Gold that glistereth, nor the Way to Heaven is not strewed with Rushes, no more is the Cradle of ease in a *Woman's* Lap. If thou wert a Servant
or

or in Bondage before, yet when thou dost marry, thy Toil is never the nearer ended, for even then, and not before, thou dost Change thy golden Times for a drop of Honey, which presently afterwards turneth to be as bitter as Gall.

Yet there are many young Men which beat their Brains, and spend all their Time in the love of Women: and if they get a Smile, or but a Favour at their Hand, they straightway are so ravished with Joy, yea, so much, that they think they have the whole World in Possession, but within a while after, they will find that they have nothing to enjoy. A Man may generally speak of Women, that for the most part thou shalt find them dissembling in their Deeds, and in all their Actions subtle and dangerous for Men to deal withal, for their Faces are Lures, their Beauties are Baits, their Looks are Nets, and their Words Charms, and all to bring Men to Ruin.

Helena, once the Paragon of all human Beauty, fomented so bloody a War by the excellent Features of her Face, between the *Greeks* and the *Trojans*, that the last lost both their Life and Honour therein: She afterwards remembering her self on this fatal Business, repented it sincerely, for being advanced in Age (as is reported by *James Bergonne*, in his Supplement of the *Chronicles*) and desirous to see her Face,

the

she called for a Looking-glass, and beholding her Face so wither'd, and all the Beauties thereof so tarnish'd, she felt a Laughing, and in that mood blamed the Folly of those, who for her sake had endured so many Troubles: *Alas!* quoth she, *Is it possible that such a Countenance should cause the Ruin of so many brave Cities, and the Slaughter of so many Thousand gallant Men, and noble Warriors?* These were the dying Words of that most excellent Beauty.

King *Foram*, (after the Death of his Father *Jehosaphat*) succeeding in the Kingdom, his Brothers being killed, and himself fallen into Idolatry, and the Ruin both of him and his Kingdom thereupon ensuing; the Scripture gives this Account thereof, and imputes it wholly to his unhappy Wife; *Filia quippe Ahab uxor ejus, & fecit malam, in conspectu Domini*: He had *Athalia*, the Daughter of *Ahab* and *Jezabel* to his Wife, importing, that it was no marvel this Prince was so wicked, and guilty of so great Crimes, having so wicked a Wife for his Companion. And in the third of the *Kings* the same Scripture searching the Cause of the Miseries and Abominations of *Ahab*, saith after this manner, *Jezabel his Wife, &c. Concitavit enim, cum Jezabel uxor sua, & abominabilis factus est, in tantum ut sequeretur idola quae fecerunt Amorhai.*

Philo Judæus notes, in the first Book of the Life of *Moses*, that *Balak* King of *Asia*, whose Power extended it self throughout the greatest Part of the *East*, never durst enterprize upon the *Israelites*, till he had consulted his Divines, and particularly had sent for *Balaam* that false Prophet, who though constrained by the Spirit of God to speak Truth, nevertheless, not to lose the favour of that Prince, he advised him, that the only Way to effect his Designs, and Ruin that People, was, by sending his Women among them, whom he should adorn and dress as lasciviously as could be: Which purpose the said Women effectually brought about by their Allurements, so that the greatest part of the Youth subjected themselves to Idolatry, before they were or might be permitted to fulfil their Lusts on them; which so animated *Phineas* with the Zeal of God's Glory, and the Love of Continnence, and some others with him, that falling upon these abominable Persons, they killed of them to the number of twenty four Thousand; and so saving the Host from being contaminated with those Filthinesses, they gained the Victory over that King, who by the Counsel of the aforesaid Prophet, had so grossly corrupted the People.

I shall only add the Example of *Cleopatra*, who, as *Plutarch* saith, was the Rock on whom *Mark Anthony*, that valiant and great Captain

Captain dashed and broke himself in Pieces, by his impure Pleasures : But she not only ruined him, but was the Cause of a thousand Troubles to the State of *Rome*. *Marcus Aurelius*, that wise Prince, affirms, That the Fire of *Ætna* was not so hurtful to *Sicily*, as this wicked Woman to every *Canton* of that *Empire*. To conclude, as virtuous Women are given us from Heaven, to alleviate the miseries of our Nature, so are the bad born expressly to vex Men, and to oppose and ruin all their Designs and good Fortune.

The old Proverb is, *He that hath a fair Wife and a white Horse, shall never be without Troubles* : For a Woman that hath a fair Face, it is ever matched with a cruel Heart, and their heavenly Looks with hellish Thoughts ; their modest Countenance with merciless Minds, for Women can both Lie and Flatter, they are so cunning in that Art, as if they had been bound Apprentice to the Trade : They have *Siren's* Songs to allure thee, and *Circe's* Cunning to enchant thee : And they bear two Tongues in one Mouth, like *Judas*, and two Hearts in one Breast, like *Magnus* ; the one full of Smiles, and the other full of Frowns, and all to deceive the simple and plain-meaning Man, they can with the *Satyr*, out of one Mouth, blow both Hot and Cold.

But what of all this ? Why nothing but to tell thee, That a *Woman* is better lost than

than found ; better forsaken then taken. St. Paul saith, *That they which marry do well,* but he also saith, *That they which marry not, do better ?* And he (no doubt) was well advised in what he spake. Then if thou be wise, keep thy Head out of the Halter ; and take heed before thou hast cause to Curse thy hard Penny-worth, or with the Priest Speechless that knit the Knot.

The Opinion, of the antient Philosophers were so hard of Marriage, that they never delighted therein : For *Pythagoras* being asked why he gave his Daughter in Marriage to one of his greatest Enemies, presently answer'd,

Nihil illi poteram dare deterius.

i. e. I could not give him a worse Thing, or Revenge my self better of him, Woman being the most wicked and abominable Thing in the whole World. Another being asked, why he married not ? answer'd, *That it was too soon ;* and afterwards when he was old, he was ask'd the same Question, and he said then, *it was too late.* And further he said, *That a married Man has but two good Days to be looked for, That is the Marriage-day, and the Day of his Wife's Death :* For a Woman will feed thee with Honey, and poison thee with Gall. *Diogenes* was so dogged that he abhorred all Women, and *Augustine* wished, *That he had lived Wifeless, and died Childless.*

Socrates

Socrates, being question'd, *Whether it were better to marry, or to live single?* made answer, *Whichsoever thou dost it will repent thee;* for if thou marriest not, then thou wilt live discontented, and die without Issue, and so perhaps a Stranger shall possess thy Goods, and if thou dost marry, thou shalt have continual Vexations; her Dowry will be often cast into thy Dish, if she do bring Wealth with her. Again, if she complain, then her Kinsfolk will bend their Brows, and her Mother will speak her pleasure by thee: And if thou marriest only for fair Looks, yet thou may'st stay to go without them, when thou lookest for them; and if thou marriest one that is fruitful in bearing Children, then will thy Care be the more increased, for little doth the Father know what shall be the End of his Children; and if she be Barren, thou wilt loath her; and if Honest, thou wilt fear her Death; and if Dishonest, thou wilt be weary of thy Life; for then thou must support her in all her Actions, and that will be such a perpetual Burthen unto thee, that thou hadst even as good draw Water continually to fill a bottomless Tub.

A Gentleman on a Time said to his Friend, *I can help you to a good Marriage for your Son,* his Friend made him this Answer, *My Son, (saith he) shall stay till he hath more Wit:* The Gentleman replied again, saying, *If you marry him not before he hath Wit, he will never marry so long as he liveth.*

Demettas buried three Wives, and yet never wet one Handkerchief; nor shed so much as one Tear: Also *Ulysses*, he had a Dog that loved him well, and when that Dog died, he wept bitterly; but he never shed one Tear when his Wife died. Wherefore, if thou marriest without Respect, but only for bare Love, then thou wilt afterwards with Sorrow say, *That there is more belongs to House-keeping, than four bare Legs in a Bed.*

What Man can live with his Hands in his Bosom, and buy Meat in the Market for Honesty without Money: Where there is nothing but bare Walls, it is a fit House to breed Beggars in the World; yea, there are many that think, when they are married, they may live by Love; but if Wealth be wanting, hot Love will soon be cold, and your hot Desires will be soon quenched with the Smoak of Poverty: To what End then shall we live in Love, seeing it is little more to be fear'd than Death? for all thy Money wastes in Toys, and is spent in Banqueting, and all thy Time in Sighs and Sobs to think upon the Trouble and Charge which commonly cometh with a Wife; for commonly Women are proud without Profit, and that is a good Purgation for the Purse, and when thy Purse is light, then will thy Heart be heavy.

Humility is so valuable in a Woman, that shewing it self upon Occasion, no Man can
tax

tax her with Imperfections, so as to obscure that Goodness which is believed to be in her; her Humility makes her to be such as Men could know to Desire. The Prophet *Nathan*, in setting forth the Quality of a good Woman, found nothing better to his Purpose, than a Sheep, the gentlest and meekest of all Creatures, as we may see in his Parable to King *David*, in the matter of Adultery which he had committed with *Bathsheba*: *There was* (saith he) *a poor Man who had nothing in the World but one poor Sheep, &c.* Mark how he calls the Wife of *Uriah*, a Sheep, for so ought every good Wife to be Pleasant, Humble, Silent, and Obedient to her Husband, as a Sheep to its Shepherd; and the Husband ought to Treat, Keep, Nourish, and Maintain her as his Sheep, and Love her as his Darling. Whereunto I add with the Wiseman, that such a Woman is a favour from Heaven, bestowed upon Man; *Gratia super gratiam mulier facta & pudorata.* And again, *Mulieris bonæ beatus vir.* But of this before.

That which is further observable in the same place is, That GOD oftentimes Recompences the good Works of a Man by the Offer of a virtuous Wife, *Pars bona mulier bona in parte timentium Deum dabitur vero pro factis bonis.*

Solomon saith further in his *Proverbs*, that Parents give unto Children means and riches,

but it is God that giveth unto them prudent and discreet Women : *Domus & divitia natura a parentibus, a Domino autem proprie uxor prudens.* The Hebrew Text is more emphatical, having these Words, *Domus & divitia hereditas patrum* ; signifying that good and bad Children succeed a like to the Goods and Estates gained by their Parents Care and Industry ; but that Women being not the goods of Fortune, God bestows the Good only to such as fear Him and observe his Commandments. The same is likewise set down by the Royal Prophet, for having promised, *Blessed are they which fear the Lord, and walk in his ways,* he adds presently the Reward to follow, *his Wife shall be as a fruitful Vine,* (that is reclus'd or shut up in the most secret place of the House, or) *on the sides of his House,* signified by these Words, *a lateribus domus tue.* To which purpose St. Paul, speaking of the loneness of Virgins, saith, that *they ought to be Guardians of their Houses,* for instead of what our Version hath, *having care of their House,* the Hebrew reads it by a Hieroglyphick of a wise and virtuous Daughter, having a Beast called the *Once* at her Feet, teaching us, That as the Male of the Creature is more feeble than the Female, which surpasseth him in Courage and Valour, so ought a wife Daughter to appear more vigorous than a Man, in resisting those flattering Court-
sies,

sies, and deceitful wantonnesses, the impertinent and slippery Feats of heady Youngsters, who make much of them to no other purpose, than to destroy and ruin their Honour and Reputation: And as that Creature delights not in a Place but in thick Groves and uninhabitable Desarts, and departs not out of them but to seek Provision; so ought a wise and virtuous Daughter to be a lover of Solitude, and not to depart out of her House, but only to the Church, and employ her self only in the Service of God, and careful honest Exercises.

But if you Think that Solitude is required only of Virgins, behold two other Hieroglyphicks, which make it appear, That it is well becoming Women of Discretion; *Eustac. lib. 2. de Ismenis*, saith, That the Antients represented Chastity two manner of Ways; the first was, by pourtraying a Woman crowned with a Garland, woven with all sorts of Flowers that Nature produced, the Rose excepted; she wore a Net for her Garment, which covered her Face, her Breast, and her Feet, signifying the pudicity of Woman, to preserve which, all the Perfections and Flowers of the World are requisite, except that which smells of *Venus* and Impudicity, signified by the Rose, which is dedicated to that Goddess, whose Love is Unchaste: The second Pourtrait

represented a Lady, crowned with all sorts of precious Stones and Jewels, Rubies, Diamonds, Emeralds, and other inestimable Riches, with a Carbuncle in her Forehead, which glistered like the Sun, being covered with a thick Robe, all her Care being to hide her Feet ; signifying by this Emblem, that the Riches wherewith a Woman ought to adorn her with, should not consist in Cloaths, but in Spirit and Virtue, and although she be poor in Rayment, it sufficeth if she be rich in Head.

This is to shew, that not to go often abroad but to stay at home, is a great sign of the Loyalty of marriage, and an assured Token of an extream Woman, and obedient to her Husband. But on the other side, if you desire to see the Marks of a proud and wicked Woman, take Notice of these, she will be disdainful in her Looks, lofty in her Speech, supercilious in Silence, dissolute in Riots, furious in Sorrow, grave in her Pace, honest in Appearance, prone to offer Injuries, impatient to Endure them, desirous to Command, slow to Obey, ready to do Ill, backward to do Good, unmoveable to Pardon, easy enough to do Vengeance, delicate in her Diet, and ambitious to play the Lady in all Things ; of which, see two Examples for Proof.

Pliny the great Naturalist reports, Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, the most proud and lascivious that ever was, observing Mark Anthony to exceed all Men in the Sumptuousness

ousness of his Feast and Banquets, entertaining his Guests with the most choice and excellent Viands that could be had, out of Ambition or Emulation, uttered some Words in disparagement of his Treatments, giving out, That they were nothing near the Cost and Value of those which she would provide and prepare : Of which he being advertised, having taken *Lucius Plautus* for judge in the Difference, demanded of her what she could do more magnificently than he ? This proud Princess, without any other Reply, having two Pendants in her Ears, set with two inestimable Pearls, which were doubtless the chief Works of Nature, took the one of them, and having dissolved it in Vinegar, she drunk and swallowed it down in the presence of *Mark Anthony* ; which *Lucius* seeing, and regretting so great a waste, clapt his Hand upon the other, and prevented the swallowing down of that ; and the better to please and pacify her, gave Sentence of Victory on her side, although *Mark Anthony* was much troubled thereat. But *Lucius* forbore not to take the Pearl, and dividing it into two, he made thereof two Ear Pendants for the Statue of *Venus*, which was in the Temple of *Pantheon* at Rome.

The second History is of a Wife of the Duke of *Venice*, named *Dominica Sylvia*, whom he had taken in *Constantinople*. *Anthony*

Thon. Sabellicus in his first *Decad. Lib. 5. Tom.* and the *Mirror of Examples, Distinct. 1 Sect 84.* reports, that this Woman putt up with Pride and Arrogance, was so delicate in her Meat and Drink, so curious of her Body, and so nice to be served, that she had not only the Perfumes of Musk, Civet, Ambergrease, and other sweet Odours in every corner and nook of her Chamber, even to trouble the Heads, of those that enter'd in, she was so delicate, I say, that she would not only be served with a common and ordinary Water to wash her self, but commanded her Servants every Morning to take off the Dew of Heaven from the most odoriferous Plants and Herbs for her Use: And moreover, she would not touch with her Fingers the Meat served on her Table, but taking it with golden Forks, she would in that manner put it into her Mouth; tho' at last her prodigious Delicacy cost her dear: For Heaven not able longer to endure the insolent Pride of this Syren, not only inflicted Pthisis or a Consumption on her in her whole Body, that not one of her Domestick Servants or Grooms could endure to be near her, and so died in a loathsome stinking Condition.

Alas! The Pride of a Woman is like the Dropsy; for as Drink encreaseth the Drought of the one, even so Money enlargeth the Pride of the other: Thy Purse must

5. must be always open to feed her Fancy, and so thy Expences will be great, and yet perhaps thy Getting small: Thy House must be stored with costly Stuff, and yet perhaps thy Servant starved for lack of Meat: Thou must discharge the Mercer's Book, and pay the Habadasher's Man, for her Hat must continually be of the new Fashion, and her Gown of finest Wool. She must likewise have her Jewel and Patch-Box, especially if she be Beautiful; for then commonly Beauty and Pride go together, and a Beautiful Woman is for the most part costly, and no good Housewife; then no Servant will abide her fierce Cruelty, and if she be Honest and Chaste, and if she be a good House-wife, then commonly she is Jealous.

If she be Fair and Beautiful, she will ring you such a Peal, that one would think the Devil was come from Hell, saying; *I might have had those which would have maintain'd me like a Woman, whereas now I go like no Body; but I will be maintain'd if you are Hang'd for it.* Thus she'll Torment you, shedding abundance of dissembling Tears; for Women weep when they please: Do but vex a Woman never so little, she will presently put Finger in the Eye and Cry, at which, many a foolish Man will flatter her, and beg her to be quiet; but that spoils all; for the more she's intreated, the more she will

will Cry, and is no more to be pitied, than to see a Goose go bare-foot; for as they command their Tears, so have they Words at will, and Oaths at pleasure. I never yet knew a Woman that would not Swear in Defence of her own Honesty, and stand stiffly to it, tho' she'd Blush to wear it in Winter, for fear of catching Cold, and in Summer, lest the Sun melts it away.

Many will be apt to say, what I Write is True, yet they can't beware of the Devil, until they are plagu'd with his Dam. Some will never take Warning, and therefore deserve no Pity. And what are Women that Men are so greedy after them? Some indeed, are more Beautiful than others, but as to the rest, they are alike, *And Joan is as good as my Lady in the Dark.*

But let me tell thee, if thou Marriest a Woman of evil Report, her discredit will be a Spot in thy Brow, thou canst not go in the Street with her without Mocks, nor amongst thy Neighbours without Jeers, and commonly the Fairest Women are soonest inticed to yield to Vanity; He that hath a fair Wife and a Whetstone, every one will be whetting thereon; and a Castle is hard to keep when it is assaulted by many, and fair Women are commonly catcht at; He that marrieth a fair Woman, every one will wish his death to enjoy her, and if thou be never so Rich, yet but a

Clown

Clown in Condition, then will your fair Wife lose her Credit to please her Fancy ; for a Diamond hath not its Splendour but in Gold, no more hath a fair Woman her full Praise but in the Ornament of her Finery ; by which means, there are many Women whose Beauty hath brought their Husbands into Poverty and Shame, by their Pride and Whoredom. A fair Woman commonly will go like a Peacock, and her Husband must go like a Woodcock.

Indeed, 'tis prepost'rous to see the mad Tricks of most Women ; for they will be merry one Hour, and sad the next ; now laugh, then weep ; now sick, and presently well ; all Things they don't like, are worse than nothing ; and if they be never so bad, if they are pleas'd, there's nothing so good.

Further, 'Tis present Death for Women to be denied the Thing which they ask ; and yet they will dispise Things given unask'd.

For, when a *Woman* wanteth any Thing, she will flatter, and speak Fair ; but having her Desire satisfy'd, she will look big, and answer stately, and speak so scornfully, that one would imagine, they'd never ask any further Favours : But a Woman is fitly compar'd to a Ship, which being never so well Rigg'd, yet one Thing or other is to be mended ; and give a Woman all she can demand

demand to Day, yet she will want again to Morrow.

Women are call'd Night-Crows, for that commonly in the Night, they will make request for such Toys as cometh in their Heads in the Day. They know their Time is in the Night, when they will work a Man like *Wax*, and draw him as a *Loadstone* doth *Iron*; and having once brought him to a Condescension, then she gets a Grant for an *India Silk Gown*, a *Furbelow Scarf*, or *Petticoat*, or a *Gold Watch*, &c. Besides, every marry'd Man knows, That a *Woman* will never rest, if her Mind is set upon a Thing, till she has it. And if you put her off with delays, her Forehead will be full of Frowns, as if she threatned to make *Clubs Trumps*, and thou never a *black Card* in thy Hand; for except a *Woman* have what she will, say what she list, and go where she please, the House will be so full of Smoke you cannot bear it.

'Tis a certain Truth That an old Dog and an hungry Flea bite sore; but in my Mind, a froward *Woman* biteth forer; and if you go about to master a *Woman*, and bring her to Humility, there is no Way to make her good with Blows, except you beat her to Death.

C H A P. II.

BY what hath been said, any reasonable Man would think it enough to perswade him from the Snares and Delusions of a subtle *Woman*; but to make it more effectual, I will present you with a further View of the miseries of a marry'd Life, in relation to that deceitful, false, and inconstant Sex. And first of their *Ambition* and *Lust*.

Philo, the Jew, in his Treatise of particular Laws, tells us, That *Pasiphae*, the Wife of King *Minos*, fell in Love with a *Bull*, and endeavour'd to have carnal Knowledge of that Beast.

The learned *Apuleius* saith, That a certain Woman call'd *Meroes*, once fell into such a Fit of Rage, that she highly menac'd the provokers of her Displeasure, and in Fury vaunted, That she would displace Heaven, it self dry up the Sea, put out the Stars, illuminate Hell, cast to the Ground even the Creator of the Universe. Behold, if this be not the most unparallel'd, audacious Boldness in the World, far beyond the Pride of the Devil, who attempted to be equal with God; but this Woman would make God less Mighty than herself, and be Superiour to him.

Orosius, that famous Person, saith, That during the Consulships of *Claudius*, *Marcellus*, *Titus*, and *Valerius*, there were put to Death, Three Hundred and Eighty Roman Ladies, convicted of Witchcraft; and in his List of the Sorceresses, he puts in the first place, *Hecate*, then *Circe* and *Medea*; since which, the World, by incestuous Copulation, according to the Custom of the Sorceresses, hath been still replenish'd, and Hell filled: And this Goddess did not only preside over Charmers, Incantators, &c. but also over Veneficaries, and all sorts of Poison, and to whom they address themselves, for Success upon those Mischiefs and *Maleficia*, which other Sorcerers should do.

I shall mention one Story which deserves to be transmitted. You may see it in the *Demonomany* of *Dr. Bodin*, and more clearly in the Table of the Inconstancy of *Demons*, and evil Spirits.

The Story relates, That a young Girl nam'd *Magdalena de la Croix*, Native of *Cordoua* in *Spain*, being descended of a mean Family and Parentage, resolved to collect some Alms to help forward the Rebuilding and Restoration of the Convent of *Saint Clare*, which then went to Ruin; and manag'd the Business so well, that the Monastery was finish'd. This gave occasion to the Nuns to receive her into their Company, where a certain black *Demon*, like an

Aethio

Ethiopian, came into Acquaintance with her, being then aged betwixt Ten and Twelve Years, and wrought so by his devilish Policies, that he made her a Slave to his Will; making her seem also in a short time, the Wisest and Holiest of her Age: And the better to Captivate her intirely to his Obedience, she was no sooner Twelve Years Old, but he demanded her in Marriage, whereto giving her Consent, he marry'd her upon this Condition, That, for the Space of Thirty Years, and more, he should make her Equal, yea, to Surpass in Holiness, all of her Profession, whether Monks or Nuns, which succeeded according to her Desire. Thereby there grew such a Familiarity between them, that this *Demon* was forc'd sometimes to go to other places, which he made her believe were of great Repute, and gave her a Servitor in his place, which assisted her in all things; and taking the Form of the said *Magdalen*, did Imitate her in all things, doing that which she ought to do for her ease; and when her *Demon* return'd, he told her all things worthy of Notice that had pass'd in the World.

Among other Things, he told her one Day, of the taking of *Francis* the first Prisoner, and the Spoil that was soon after committed at *Rome*, which she relating to

the Nuns, they thought she knew it by Revelation of some good Angel.

To make short the Story, this *Magdalen* doing admirable Signs, and strange Wonders, which passed for Miracles, together with the Holiness of Life which outwardly appear'd, she was chosen Abbess of the Monastery, to the Satisfaction of all the Religious therein, and behav'd herself so well in this Charge, that nothing was to be complain'd of in her. On Festivals she was so fervently Devout, that she hath been lifted up Three Cubits high from the Ground, having often in her Hands, the Image of Our Lord, shewing at Times, a Head of Hair reaching to her Ancles, which disappear'd presently. Being at Mass, the Partition-wall of the Choir, would open of it self, sometimes to give a more commodious Sight of the holy *Hostia*, and those Days wherein she fail'd to Communicate (which is very strange) the Priest having consecrated the Hosts to the Number of the Nuns present, found that he had one to say, believing that some good Angel had reserv'd it to give it her himself. And indeed, some of the Religious did sometimes see the Host come to her in the Air, and this very Host did leap into her Mouth, which she shew'd 'em publickly.

This so augmented her Credit and Reputation of Holiness, that Popes, Emperors,

rors, Kings, and Princes, sent their Letters, recommending themselves to her Prayers. The *Spanish* Princesses were first deceiv'd; for the Wife of *Charles* the Vth, sent her Swadling-Cloaths to wrap her Son *Philip* the II^d in, that she should bless them with her own Hands. But she did so many wonderful Things, that at last the Nuns began to take her for a *Witch*, which she perceiving, and God touching her by Degrees with his Grace, the Thirty Years of her Covenant being soon after expir'd, about the Year 1546, she accus'd herself, and confess'd to the Visitors of the Order, that she had known this *Demon* from the Age of Twelve Years, continuing them to Thirty and onward; and having made a general Confession, begg'd their Assistance, when the *Demon*, who had so long bewitch'd her, seeing her Resolution, endeavour'd by all Means to dissuade her; but not able to effect it, was constrained to leave her, who, the better to expiate her Sin, was put in Prison, where she underwent a hard and austere Penance, till at last she obtain'd Pardon of it from Pope *Paul* the IVth.

By this we may in some Measure see what Pleasure the Devil takes in possessing an Ambitious, Hypocritical Woman; One who tho' she has a beautiful out-side, and her Tongue as smooth as Oil, and as soft as Silk, and her Words as sweet as Honey, nay,

if she was extream *Witty*, had a Bag of Gold for Wealth, a Thousand to one but she'll fly Retirement, and love to go where she may get Acquaintance, and Acquaintance bringeth Familiarity, and Familiarity sets all Follies abroach, and certainly if a Woman loves Gadding, she will pawn her Honesty to please her Fancy.

And to support her Extravagancies, Men must be at all the Cost, and yet live by the Loss; a Man must take all the Pains, and Women spend the Gains. A Man may Watch and Ward, Fight and Defend, Till the Ground, and Labour in the Vineyard, and whatever he gets in Seven Years, a Woman will squander away in One; and yet little enough to serve her Turn, but a great deal too little to get her good Will. Nay, if you give her never so much, and yet if your Person please not her Humour, her Honesty will not be worth a Half-Penny at the Year's-end: For then her Breast will harbour an envious Heart, full of malicious Poyson; her Head will devise Villany, and her Hands ready to put it in Execution.

And what then shall we call her, but the Offspring of Satan, whose Head, Hands, Heart, Mind and Soul is wicked? For Women are called the Hook of all Evil, because Men are taken with as Fish. For *Women* have a Thousand Ways to deceive you,

and

and all such Fools as are Suitors to them. Some they keep in Hand with Promises and Flattery, and some they delay with Dalliance, and some they please with Kisses: *They lay out the Folds of their Hair, to intangle Men in their Love, betwixt their Breasts is the Valley of Destruction, and in their Beds are Hell, Sorrow, and Repentance.* Eagles eat not Men till they are Dead, but Women devour them alive. A Woman will pick your Pocket, empty you Purse, Laugh in your Face, and Cut your Throat: They are Ungrateful, Perjur'd, full of Fraud and Deceit, Inconstant, Waspish, Toyish, Light, Sullen, Proud, Discourteous, and Cruel; and yet they were by God created, and by Nature formed, and therefore by Policy to be avoided; for good Things abus'd, are to be refus'd; or else for a Month's Pleasure, she may make thee go stark naked; she will give thee Roast-Meat, but beat thee with the Spit. *Solomon saith, He that will suffer himself to be led away, or take delight in such Women's Company, is like a Fool which rejoyceth when he is led to the Stocks.*

St. Paul saith, *To avoid Fornication, every Man may take a Wife.* Therefore, he that hath a Wife of his own, and yet goeth to another Woman, is like a rich Thief, which will steal when he hath no need.

There are Three Ways to know a Whore, by her wanton Looks, by her Speech, and by
her

her Gate, saith Solomon ; and that we must not give our Strength to Harlots. For they are the Evil of all Evils, and the Vanity of all Vanities ; they weaken the Strength of Man, and deprive the Body of its Beauty ; it furroweth the Brows, and maketh the Eyes dim, and greatly shortens the Life of Man. For tho' they seem to be so dainty as Sweet-Meat, yet in Tryal, they are not so wholesome as sowre Sauce : They have Wit, but it is all in Craft ; if they Love, it is vehemently, but if they hate, it is deadly.

Upon this very account of her Alteration in this manner, the Holy Ghost saith by the Mouth of the Wise Man, that the *Wrath of a Woman is beyond comparison ; for she is such a Furnace and violent Fire, that all the Water in the World cannot quench ; especially when this Wrath proceeds from some Hate and Rancor, which she hath conceived against any Person, for then she lets fly all the Arrows of her Revenge, when like the Devil she sets all her Wits at Work, particularly against him that would not comply with her Lust and Desire, and the Satisfaction of her Pleasure ; of which the following is an Instance.*

Maryzee, seeing that Philander her Husband returned not, so soon from his Voyage as she wish'd, and therefore imagining that out of Disdain he refused to Visit her, changed the great Affection she had for him

for-

formerly, into a greater hatred, and not being able to allay her Fury, in Vengeance she threw it upon three Children which she had by him, giving them Poison in a Potion, and took the like also her self, chusing and delighting rather to dye herself, and see her Children do so, than to give any the least Liberty to him who so passionately lov'd her.

Antonius Muret, in his first Book of various Lessons, proposeth Examples of certain Women who shewed themselves implacable Enemies towards those who would not condescend to their filthy Pleasures.

The First of them was the Wife of *Potiphar*, who having not the Power to corrupt and debauch *Joseph* by her alluring Persuasions, accus'd him to her Husband, for an Attempt of a Rape; and tho' this were an Imposture, and an Effect of the Rage of Love, yet was he imprison'd with Chains on his Feet and Hands, through the Credulity she had begot in her Husband.

The Second was *Phædra*, who because she could not enjoy the Love of *Hippolitus*, her Son-in-law, accus'd him to her Husband to have attempted her Honour, and effected so much by her counterfeiting, dissembling Tricks, that *Hippolitus* was torn and drawn in Pieces by wild Horses.

The Third was *Antea*, Wife to King *Pretus*, whose Intreaties not prevailing with *Bellerophon*, to lie with her, she address'd her self

self to the King with a false Charge, that he would have polluted his conjugate and royal Bed, and thereupon demanded his Life, which was taken away afterwards by the Stratagem of a Letter, that is since grown into a Proverb.

The Fourth was *Philonome*, who being denied her Pleasure by *Tenis* the Son of *Cygnus*, accus'd him to his Father for having sollicit-ed her to Uncleanness; which the Father too vainly believing, commanded him to be inclos'd in a Chest, and thrown into the Sea.

The Fifth was *Hippolite* Wife of *Acastus*, the King of *Magnesia*, who not gaining the Affection of *Peleus* to her wanton Embraces, impeach'd him to her Husband, that he would have violated and corrupted that Fidelity she had for him; and so caused his Life to be taken away.

The Sixth was *Hippodame*, the Wife of *Pelops*, who riding abroad, made him believe she was extream thirsty, which caused her Husband to alight out of the Chariot, with *Myrtillus* the Driver. *Pelops* was no sooner gone off, but she sollicites her Charioteer to lie with her, which he loyally refused; and no sooner return'd, but she acquaints him, that *Myrtillus* would have forc'd her; which he also believing, threw the said Wretch into the Sea there adjoyning.

The Seventh was the beautiful Mother of *Timasian* the *Egyptian*; who failing of her
Desigu

Design upon the Chastity of her Son-in-law, challeng'd him to his Father, not of the intent of Adultery with her, but of Buggary, a greater Crime; which so incensed the Father, that he forc'd him forthwith into Banishment.

The Eighth was *Fausta*, Daughter of *Maximinus*, Wife of *Constantine* the Great; who was so in Love with *Crispus* her Son-in-law, which he had by one of his Concubines, that she endeavour'd by all means to entice him into her Bed; but finding him not to be debauch'd, she chang'd this ardent Love into an irreconcilable Hatred, and accus'd him to the Emperor of endeavouring the Dishonouring of her. Upon which the Emperor caus'd him to be Slain; tho' afterwards understanding the Falseness of his Wife, and the Truth of the Fact, he condemn'd her also to die, to serve as an Example to all other Women, who would thus Revenge the Refusal of their Baseness and Impudicity, out of an insupportable Rage and unsatisfied Anger and Hatred.

Plato saith, That Women are either Angels or Devils; and *that* they either love dearly, or hate mortally: For a Woman hath no Mean in her Love, no Pity in Revenge, nor Patience in her Anger; Wherefore nothing pleaseth, or displeaseth a Man more than a Woman; For a Woman most delighteth a Man, and yet most deceiveth him.

The

Theodora, a monstrous *Strumpet*, made her Brags to *Socrates*, of the vast Concourse of lusty Gallants which repair'd to her House; and further said, she could get away more of his Scholars from him, than he could of hers from her. No marvel, (cry'd *Socrates*) for your Ways seem Pleasant and Easie, which Youth love to walk in; but the Way to a virtuous Life is full of Briars.

Messalina, Wife of the Emperor *Claudius Caesar*, boasting of her Intemperance, went into the publick Stews, and prostituted her Body to all Comers and Goers, waging with the most common Harlot in *Rome*, that she would endure more Men than she could, and won the Wager, having lain with *Twenty five* several *Ruffians* in one Night, and that with so much Vigour, and continuance of Lust, that she departed in the Morning wearied, not satisfied; and the *Other* who lost this execrable Wager, for her part, had been polluted with *Twenty-three*.

The fair and beautiful *Hynes*, so much beloved by *Charles VII* King of *France*, valued the Enjoyment of her Body at so high a Rate, that she not only enriched her poor Parents, but was still so furnished and stored with Gold and Silver, that she could leave by her last-Will and Testament, three-score thousand Crowns, to that place where she was Buried.

The

The learned *Athenus* reports another Story (more prodigious than this) of *Phryne* the Courtezan, who had got so much Wealth in love's Combats, that she offer'd to the Inhabitants of *Thebes*, Money enough to rebuild the Walls of their City, beautified with One Hundred goodly Gates, provided they would place in the Portals this Inscription, *Alexander evertit, Phryne amica erexit, Alexander demolish't them, and Phryne the Courtezan hath reared them*: *Plutarch* speaking of the same Woman, saith, That she was so confidently shameless, as to offer at the Temple of *Apollo*, the Statue of *Venus*, all of pure Gold, whereon these Words were engraved, *Ex Gracorum intemperantia*; intimating, that she had acquired the price of the said Statue, by the Lusts and Intemperance of the *Gracians*.

King *Demetrius* giving but one Glance of his Eyes suddenly upon *Lamia*, he was taken presently with her Net, and spent eleven Talents of Silver upon her, which he had provided and appointed to pay his Soldiers; and furthermore, he quite forsook his own Wife, and never left the Company of this Strumpet, till Death took her from him; and after she was dead, he lamented her Death; kissed and embraced her, and caused her to be buried under his Window, and as often as he saw her Grave, he bewailed her End.

Flora the Daughter of a King, took to it betimes, and follow'd it so close, that it sent her out of the World at the 40th Year of her Age. King *Menelaus* being the first that made love to her, as he was marching to the Wars of *Carthage*, he spent more Money upon her than in conquering his Enemies. But though she came from a Royal Race, and turn'd Prostitute, yet would she never admit any to enjoy her, but what were in some degree Noble or Great, and therefore affix'd over her Gate these Words: *King, Prince, Emperor, or Bishop, enter this Place and welcome.* Neither was this *Flora* so greedy of Gold as the other two were, for on a Time one of her familiar Friends asked her the Cause why she did not make price of her Love, she made this Answer, I commit my Body to none but Princes and Noblemen, and I swear there was never Man gave me so little, but I had more than I would have asked, or that I looked for. And furthermore, she said, That a Noble Woman ought not for to make Price of her love; All Things are at a certain Rate, except love; and that a Woman of great Beauty should be so much esteemed of, as she esteems her self. She died at the Age of Forty Years, and the Wealth she left behind her in *Rome*, was valued to be so much as would have built new Walls round about the City.

Lais, that charming Singer, and ravishing Musicianist, who captivated the very Body and Soul of King *Pyrrhus* in Greece, till he became a Drudge to her impetuous Lust; nor was she therewith contented, but served to satiate the excessive Desires of others in a Flood of Debauchery; always setting her own Price, which was first laid down before her self; and thus she follow'd this Course of Life, enriching her self with the Spoils of others. But, alas! the Folly of Men, in this extremity of Passion, makes me very well say with *Demosthenes*, who being provok'd by Lust to Court that *Corinthian* Strumpet, *Lais*, she said to him, Sir, no less than *A Thousand Attick Drachms*, shall perswade me to bestow on you the Favour of enjoying the Transports and Pleasures of my Body: He immediately answer'd mildly, *Madam*, I thank you, I will not buy Repentance at so dear a rate.

Was not that Noble City of *Troy* sacked and spoiled for the fair *Helena*? And when it had cost many Men's Lives, and much Blood was shed, and when they had got the Conquest, they got but an Harlot. By this and that which followeth, thou shalt see the Power of a Woman, how it hath been so great, and more prevailed in the bewitching Mens Wits, and in overcoming their Senses, than all others Things whatsoever. It hath not only vanquished *Kings* and *Cæsars*,

but it hath also surprized Castles and Countries ; nay what is it that a Woman cannot do, which knows her Power ? Therefore stay not alone in the Company of a Woman, trusting to thy own Chastity, except thou be more strong than *Sampson*, more wise than *Solomon*, or more holy than *David* ; for these and many more have been overcome by the sweet Enticements of *Women*, as thou shalt read hereafter.

Aristippus desired sweet Meat for his Belly, and a fair Woman for his Bed.

But in my Mind, he that lays his Net to catch a fair Woman, he may chance to fall into the Sprindge which was laid for Woodcocks : Therefore I do admonish young Men, and advise old Men, and I counsel simple Men, and warn all Men, that they fly a wicked Women, as from the Pestilence, or else she will make thee fly in the end.

Aristotle, for keeping Company with a Queen of *Athens*, was fain to run away, to save himself from Punishment, and yet he had dwelt there, and wrote many Books for the space of thirty Years.

Again, *Sampson* and *Hercules*, for all their great Strength and Conquest of Giants and Monsters, yet the one yieldeth his Club at *Dejanera's* Foot, and the other revealed his Strength to *Dalilah*, and paid his Life for his Folly.

Plato,

Plato, for all his great Philosophy and Knowledge, kept Company with *Archenasse* when she was old, and forsaken of her lovers: for she had given her self to many in her Youth, yet nevertheless *Plato* so loved her, that he wrote many Verses in commendation of her.

Also *Socrates* for his Gravity and Wisdom is renowned throughout all the World, yet he most dearly loved *Alphasis*, an old overworn Strumpet. Love stay'd King *Antiochus* in *Calcidia* a whole Winter, for one Maid that he fancied there, to his great Hindrance. And King *Hannibal* in *Capua*, a long Season, laying all other his necessary Affairs aside, the which was no small hindrance to him; for in the mean while his Enemies invaded a great part of his Country. Likewise *Julius Caesar*, he continued in *Alexandria*, a long Season, not for the love of one, but he lusted after many, to his great Infamy and Disgrace. The great Captain *Holofernes*, whose sight made Thousands to quake, yet he lost his Life, and was slain by a Woman. Was not *Herod's* Love so great to a Woman, that he caused *John Baptist* to lose his Head for her sake? Wherefore to avoid the sight, many times, is the best Razor to cut off the occasion of the evil which cometh by Women; for had not *Holofernes* seen the Beauty of *Judith*, and marking the Fineness of her Foot, he

had not lost his Head by her. If *Herod* had not seen *Herodias's* Daughter dance, he had not so rashly granted her *Saint John Baptist's* Head. Had not *Eve* seen the Apple, and so was tempted with the Beauty of the Serpent, who as our Schoolmen do write, that he shewed himself like a fair young Man; but had not she seen it, I say, she had not eaten thereof, to her own Grief and many more. By Sight the Wife of *Potiphar* was moved to Lust after her Servant *Joseph*. It is said of *Semiramis* of *Babylon*, that after her Husband's Death, she waxed so unsatiable in carnal Lust, that two Men at one time could not satisfy her Desire, and so by her unsatiableness, at length all *Persia* grew full of Whores.

And of one fair *Rhodolphe* in *Egypt*; who was the first noted Woman in that Country, but at length all the whole Country became full of Strumpets.

Is it not strange, that the Seed of one Man should breed such Woes unto all Men? Woes which are perpetually tormenting them Day and Night. That will persuade Man out of his Reason, and then exhaust his Strength and Treasure. But, alas! Such is the State of married Men, especially those who have yoked themselves to Widows; that double Plague of a Man's Life; That subtle Thief, which is not content with due Benevolence, but takes all Op-
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portunities to steal away the Marrow of a Man's Bones, and shorten his Days, what shall I say for her, or against her? Or what for, or against him? I will cry aloud, and pronounce Woes to that Miserable Wretch, that is Married to a Widow; for a Widow will be the cause of a thousand Woes: Yet there are many that do wish themselves no worse Match'd than to a Rich Widow, but thou must not know what Grief thou joinest with thy Gains; for if she be Rich, she will look to govern; and if she be Poor, then thou art plagu'd both with Beggary and Bondage: Again, thy Pains will be double, in regard of him which Marrieth with a Maid; for thou must unlearn thy *Widow*, and make her forget her former corrupt and disorder'd Behaviour; the which if thou take upon thee to do, thou hadst even as good undertake to wash a Black-Moor white: For commonly *Widows* are so froward, so waspish, and so stubborn, that thou canst not wrest them from their Wills; and if thou think to make her good by Stripes, thou must beat her to Death. One having married with a froward *Widow*, she called him these, and many other unhappy Names; so he took her, and cut her Tongue out of her Head; but she afterwards would make the Sign of the Gallows with her Fingers to him.

It is seldom or never seen, that a Man marrieth with a *Widow* for her Beauty, nor for her Personage, but only for her Wealth, and Riches; and if she be Rich and Beautiful withal, then thou matches thy self to a She-Devil: For she will go like a Peacock, and thou like a Woodcock; for she will hide her Money to maintain her Pride; and if thou art at any time desirous to be merry in her Company, she will say thou art merry because thou hast gotten a Wife that is able to maintain thee, whereas before thou wast a Beggar, and hadst nothing; and if thou shew thy self sad, she will say, Thou art sad because thou canst not bury her, thereby to enjoy that which she hath: If thou make Provision to fare well in thy House, she will bid thee spend that which thou broughtest thy self.

If thou shew thy self sparing, she will say, Thou shalt not pinch her of that which is her own; and if thou do any thing contrary to her Mind, she will say, *Another Husband was more kind*: If thou chance to dine from home, she will bid thee go Sup with thy Harlots abroad: If thou go abroad, and spend any thing before thou comest home, she will say, *A Beggar I found thee, and a Beggar thou meanest to leave me*: If thou stay always at home, she will say, Thou art happy thou hast gotten a Wife that is able to maintain thee Idle: If thou carve her the best Mor-

fel on the Table, though *ſhe* take it, yet *ſhe* will take it ſcornfully, and ſay, *She* had a Husband would let her cut where ſhe liked her ſelf.

And if thou come in well diſpoſed, thinking to be merry, and intreating her with fair Words, *ſhe* will call thee diſſembling Hypocrite, ſaying, *Thou ſpeakeſt me fair with thy Tongue, but thy Heart is on thy Minions abroad.* No, theſe are the frantick Tricks of froward *Widows*; they are neither well full nor faſting; they will neither go to Church, nor ſtay at home, (I mean in regard of their impatient Minds:). For a Man ſhall never be at quiet in her Sight, nor out of her Sight: For if thou be in her Sight, thy Conſcience will torment and trouble thy Mind, to think on the Purgatory which perforce thou muſt endure, when thou goeſt home.

She will make Clubs Trumps, when thou haſt never a black Card in thy Hand; for with her cruel Tongue ſhe will ring thee ſuch a Peal, that one would think the Devil were come from Hell: Beſides this, thou ſhalt have a brended Slut, like a Hell-hag, with a pair of Paps like a pair of Dung-pots, ſhall bring in thy Dinner; for thy Widow will not truſt thee with a Wench that is handſom in thy Houſe: Now if that upon juſt Occaſion thou throweſt the Platters at thy Maid's Head, ſeeing the Meat brought
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in by such a Slut, and so fluttishly drest, then will thy Widow take Pepper in the Nose, and stamp and stare, and look so sowre, as if she had been come but even then from eating of Crabs, saying, *If thou hadst not married me, thou wouldest have been glad of the worst Morsel that is here*: Then thou again repliest, saying, *If I had not been so mad, the Devil himself would not have had thee*: And then, without cause, thou blamest her old Age, and of Jealousy, and of hiding her Money, and for conveying away her Goods, which thou hast bought with the Displeasure of thy Friends, and Discredit to thy self, in regard of her Years: Then again, she on the other side runneth about to her Neighbours, and there she thundereth out a thousand Injuries that thou dost her, saying, *My Corn he sendeth to the Market, and my Cattle to the Fair, and look what he openly findeth, he taketh by force, and what I hide secretly, he privily stealeth it away, and playeth away all my Money at Dice: Lo! thus he consumeth my Substance, and yet hateth my Person: No longer than I feed him with Money, can I enjoy his Company: Now he has his Desire, he gives me nothing but cross Answers, and bad Usage, and yet, through pure Love, I married him with nothing, but now his bad Husbandry is like to ruin me and my Children*. And in the midst of this Harangue, remembers to tell of her own good Housewifery, saying, *I sit working all Day at my Needle,*

Needle, and he like a Spendthrift runneth whoring abroad. Thus they are always stretching Debate upon the Rack of Vengeance.

So, here is a Life, but it's as wearisome as Hell: For if they Kiss in the Morning as Friends, yet before Noon they are ready to throw the House out at Window.

The *Papists* affirm, That Heaven is won by Purgatory; but in my Opinion, a Man can never come into a worse Purgatory, than to be match'd with a froward Widow. He that matcheth himself to a Widow and Three Children, matcheth himself to Four Thieves.

One having married with a Widow, it was his luck to bury her, but not before he was sore troubled with her: For afterwards, laying on his Death-bed, his Friends exhorted him to pray to God, that his Soul might rest in Heaven: And he asked them this Question; Whither, said he, do you think my Wife is gone? And they answer'd, No doubt but your Wife is gone to Heaven before you. He replied, I care not whither I go, so I go not where she is, least I meet with her, and be plagu'd as formerly.

Another being married with a Widow, being one Day at a Sermon, heard the Preacher say, Who-soever will be saved, let him take up his Cross, and follow me. This mad Fellow, after Sermon was ended, took his Wife upon his Back, and came to the Preacher, and said, Here

is my Cross, I am ready to follow thee whither thou wilt.

Another having married with a Widow, who look'd like a Saint abroad, but a Devil at home, a Friend of his told him, That he had gotten a good, still, and quiet Wife. Truly, crys t'other, you're mistaken, my Shoe is fair and new, but where it pincheth me, you know not.

Another merry Companion having married a Widow, and carrying her to France, there suddenly arose a great Storm, insomuch that they were all in danger of Drowning; the Master of the Ship call'd to his Men, and bid 'em throw over-board the heaviest Goods in the Ship: The married Man hearing him say so, took his Widow, designing to throw her over-board; and being ask'd, why he did so? said, That he never felt any thing in all his Life, that was so heavy to him as she had been.

Another having married with a Widow, and within a while after she went into the Garden, and there finding her Husband's Shirt hang close by the Maid's Smock, she went presently and hang'd herself out of a jealous Conceit of hers. A merry Fellow ask'd the Cause of it? and being told it was Jealousy: 'Tis pity, said he, every Tree did not bear such Fruit.

By this time you may think, I have said enough concerning Widows: But the further I run after them, the further I am from them; for they are the Sum of the Seven deadly

deadly Sins, the Friends of Satan, and the Gates of Hell. Now methinks I hear some say, That I should have told 'em this Lesson sooner ; for Physick comes too late, when the Patient is dead ; - and too late cometh Advice, when there's no Cure : But, I say, *It's better late than never* ; for it may be a Warning to make other People wise.

Again ; It may be a Warning for young Men to avoid Lusting after them, which causeth you to commit such Wickedness, which stamps on your Foreheads everlasting Shame and Infamy. And yet Women are easily Wooed, and soon Won ; got by an Apple, and lost by its Paring.

Young Wits are soon corrupted ; Women's Beauties breed curious Thoughts ; and golden Gifts easily overcome wanton Desires, with changing Modesty into Pastimes of Vanity : And being once delighted therein, continue in the same without Repentance ; become only the Wonder of the People, and Misfortune's Foot-ball, tost up and down the World with Woe upon Woe ; yea, Ten thousand Woes will be galloping hard at your Heels, and pursue you wherever you go : For those of ill Report cannot stay long in one Place, but rove and wander about the World, and yet ever Unfortunate, prospering in nothing ; forsaken and cast out of all civil Company, and full of Fear, least Authority, with the Sword of
G Justice,

Justice, bar them of Liberty. Lo, thus your Lives are despised, walking like Night Owls in Misery, and no Comfort shall be your Friend, but only a dear-bought Repentance coming too late.

Therefore believe, all you unmarried Wantons, with Grief of Mind, that you have thus unluckily made your selves neither Maids, Widows, nor Wives, but more Vile than Dirt and Filth, fit to be swept into the Kennels. O then! suffer not this World's Pleasure to take from you the good Thoughts of an honest Life: But down, down upon your Knees, you earthly Serpents, and wash away your black Sins with the chrystal Tears of true Sorrow and Repentance; so that when you go from this enticing World, you may be washed and cleansed from this foul Leprosy of Nature.

Lo, thus in remorse of Mind my Tongue has utter'd to the Wantons of the World, the abundance of my Heart's Grief, which I have perceiv'd by the unseemly Behaviour of Unconstant Men and Women; yet Men for the most part are touch'd with one Fault, which is Drinking too much: But 'tis said of Women, that they have two Faults; that is, they can neither say well, nor yet do well.

For commonly Women are the most part of the Forenoon painting themselves, and curling their Hair, and prying in their Glass like Apes, to dress up themselves like Bar-

tholomew

holomew Babies. Amongst Men she is accounted a Slut, which goeth not airy in her Dress; therefore, if thou wilt please thy Lady, thou must Like and Love, Sue and Serve; and in Spending, thou must lay on a Load; for they must have their Maintenance, howsoever thou get it, by Hook or by Crook, out of *Judas's* Bags, or the Devil's Budget. In short, thou must withhold neither Lands, nor Living, Silver nor Gold.

For Women will count you a Pinch-Penny, if you be not Prodigal; and a Coward, if not too Venturesom: For they esteem none Valiant, except they be Desperate; if Silent, a Sot; if full of Words, a Fool; judging all to be Clowns, which be not Courtiers.

If thou be cleanly in Apparel, they will term thee proud; if mean in Garb, a Sloven; if Tall, a Long-shanks; if Short, a Dwarf: For they have ripe Wits, and ready Tongues; and if they get an Inch, they will claim an Ell. She will take thee about the Neck with one Hand, but t'other shall be diving in thy Pocket; and if you let 'em take it in Jest, they'll (if they be not 'spy'd) keep it it Earnest.

But if thy Pockets grow empty, and thy Revenue will not hold out longer to maintain her Pride and Bravery, then she presently ceases to make much of thy Person, and will not stick to say, That she could

have bestow'd her Love on such a one as would have maintain'd her like a Gentlewoman: So by this means, they weave the Web of their own Woe, and spin the Thread of their own Thraldom. If they want, they will want at last, for they will cut out of the whole Cloth so long as the Piece will hold out.

Is not the Bee hived for his Honey, the Sheep for his Fleece, the Ox wrought for Profit, the Fowl pluck'd for Feathers, the Tree grafted to bring forth Fruit, and the Earth tilled to bring forth Corn? But what Labour and Cost thou bestowest on a Woman, is cast away; for she will yield thee no Profit at all: For when thou hast done all, and given 'em all they can demand; yet thou shalt be as well rewarded, as those Men whom *Æsop* hir'd for Threehalf-pence a Day to recite his Fables.

These Things being wisely consider'd, what a Fool art thou to blind thy self in their bold Behaviour, and bow at their Becks, and come at their Calls, and sell Lands to make them ride in their Silks, and sit in their Jewels; making *Jill* a Gentlewoman, not caring a Penny for the Finest, nor a Fig for the Proudest. She must be as good as the best, altho' she have no more Honesty than to serve her own Turn, suffering every Man's Fingers as deep in the Dish, as thine are in the Platter, and every

Man

Man to angle where thou castest thy Hook, holding up to all as come ; not much unlike a *Barber's Chair*, that so soon as one *Knave* is out, another is in ; a common *Hackney* for every one that will Ride, and a *Boat* for every one to Row in. Now, if thy *Riches* begin to fail, then she bids you *Go-by*, and gives you a short Farewel in the *Devil's Name*.

If Things are so plain, then consider, That the House where such a one keepeth her Residence, is more odious with Slander, than Carrion infects the Air. Let 'em flatter how they will, there is no Love in them but from the Teeth outward.

I blaze their Properties the plainer, and give stronger Reasons, because I would have you loath the alluring Trains of such deceitful and lascivious Women. I have seen a Whore thus pictur'd :

First, a fair young Man blind, and in his Arms a beautiful *Woman*, with one Hand in his Pocket, shewing her Theft, and a sharp Knife in her other Hand to cut his Throat.

Now, doubtless, you may say to that, You don't know one *Woman* from another, without some Trial, because all *Women* are in Shape alike ; for a sowre Crab is like a sweet Pippin. True it is, the Raven is a Bird, and the Swan is but a Bird : Even so many *Women* are in Shape Angels, but in

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Quality Devils, painted Coffins with rotten Bones. The *Ostridge* carries fair Feathers, but rank *Flesh*. The Herb *Mouilly* bears a Flower as white as Snow, but a Root as black as Ink.

Tho' *Women* are beautiful, shewing Pity, yet their Hearts are black, swelling with Mischief; not much unlike to old Trees, whose outward Leaves are Fair and Green, and yet the Body Perish'd. If you haunt their Houses, you will be enamour'd; and if you do but hearken to these *Syrens*, you will be Enchanted; for they'll allure you with amorous Glances of Lust, and kill you with Hatred. They have Dimples in their Cheeks to Deceive, and Wrinkles in their Brows to Betray. They have Eyes to Entice, Eyes to Flatter, Embracements to Provoke, Beckons to Recall, Lips to Inchant, Kisses to Inflame, and Means to Excuse themselves.

It's very easy for him that never experienc'd himself in such repenting Pleasure, not to accompany lewd *Women*, but such as are exercis'd in that kind of Drudgery, have a continual Desire, and Temptation ready at hand: Therefore take heed at first, suffer not yourself to be led away into lustful Folly; for it is easier for a young Man or Maid to forbear that carnal Act, than it is for a Widow; and yet more easy for a Widow, than for her that is Married, and hath her

Husband

Husband wanting. Then take heed at first, for there is nothing got by Women, but Repentance.

Some think, That if a *Woman* Smile on them, she is presently over Head and Ears in love : One must wear her Glove, another her Garter, another her Colours of Delight ; and another shall live and spend on the Spoil which she gets from all the rest. Then if you will give your Body to the Surgeon, and your Soul to the Devil, such *Women* are fit for your purpose.

Many Creatures of every kind, resemble *Women* in Condition ; for some Horses an unskilful Rider can hardly order, and some again, in spite of the best Rider, will have a Jadish Trick. Some Hounds by no means will forsake their undertaken Game ; some again, in spite of the Huntsmen, will continually run at Random : And some Men will Steal if their Hands were bound behind them, and some will rather Starve than Steal. Even so some Women will not be *Won* with seven Years loving, and some will *Offend* with an Hour's liberty.

Therefore, if you study two Thousand Years, you will find a *Woman* nothing else but a contrariety to Man ; and still perceive in her new Fancies, and contrary sorts of Behaviour. If, therefore, all the *World* were Paper, and all the Sea Ink, and all the *Trees* and *Plants* were Pens, and every

every Man in the *World* were a Writer, yet were they not able, with all their Labour and Cunning, to set down all the Crafty Deceits of *Women*.

C H A P. III.

Plutarch tells us, That Ninus the Monarch of the Assyrians, was so taken with the Beauty of a maiden Slave, named Semiramis, and was so furiously enamour'd of her, that he married her, and chose her before all the Ladies of his Kingdom: But instead of cherishing, valuing, or esteeming the Goodness and Favour of the King, she no sooner became Mistress of his Heart and Affections, but having obtain'd by her Female Devices, his Authority to command throughout his Empire, and manage for one whole Day the Affairs of State; she was no sooner vested therewith, but she instantly deprived him not only of his royal Greatness, but also of his Life, with others of his familiar Friends, to the intent to Reign more securely, and exercise her cruel Tyranny.

The other of Medea is no less Cruel; for having got from Jason all that a Woman outrageously could snatch from a Man, she contrived against his Posterity, and against the Quiet of his Family; and to act her part the better, she learned the Magick Art to be subservient to her, in the Ruin of her whom she deemed to be her Rival,

Rival, and to displease him whom so passionately she loved. Her Cruelty was so great, that she murder'd her Brother as a Pledge of her Impudicity.

Atalanta, the Daughter of *Schennus*, glorying and triumphing in her Beauty (surpassing all of her Age and Sex) and swiftness in running, resolved with the Consent of her Father, never to marry any one but him who should outrun her in the Race; giving this Answer to all her Suitors, I will not refuse to be the Wife of the Victor, and to be the Lawrel of his Victory, provided the vanquish'd die by my own Hand, to expiate their Rashness. And this bloody Contract she so strictly observed, that *Hippomones*, Son of *Megare*, and Grand-Child of *Neptune*, a most beautiful young Man, coming to the Course, and seeing the Rivulets of Blood at the end of the Carreer, was exceedingly astonish'd, saying within himself, Is it possible Men should be so Blind, to seek a *Woman* among so many Dangers? But whilst he thus deplored the sad Fate of his miserable Corrivals, *Atalanta* past by (whom yet he had not seen) and when he saw her glitt'ring like the Sun in Beauty, he lift up his Hands to Heaven and cried out, being dazled with so many Miracles, Pardon me, couragious Lovers, that I have accus'd you of Folly, excuse my Indiscretion which hath wrongfully condemn'd you, before

fore I knew the Price of your Race, the Merits of that rich Recompence, which animated your Hopes. Hippomones being thus ravish'd with the Beauty of *Atalanta*, and being jealous some other would present himself before him, resolved immediately to hazard his Life as the others, and enter the Lists, to gather the Fruits of Love. *Atalanta*, in the interim, slighting the Beauty, Nobility, Courage, and Love of *Hippomones*, who exposed his Life for her sake, said with an inflexible Heart; *Why should I value his Life, having killed so many already? Let him die, since he deserves it, since he will destroy himself, the Death of my other Suitors not being a sufficient warning. But, shall he die, for having desired to live with me? Shall he receive no other Reward of his Love, than an unjust Fate? Why should I have a Heart so inhuman to desire a Victory which will load me with the Reproaches of his Blood, and add more to my Guilt?* But amidst the Suspences of *Atalanta*, *Venus* favouring *Hippomones*, gave him Three beautiful Golden Apples, which (having got a little way before her) he let fall one after another, and whilst she, surprized with the Lustre of them, stoopt to take them up, he came first to the Goal, and married her. But this good Fortune was not lasting; for *Atalanta*, continuing her Pride, and being so notoriously Ambitious, drew upon her the fierce Anger of *Cybele*,
the

the Mother of the Gods, (whose Temple she had prophan'd by carnal Pollution) who strangely metamorphos'd them both, changing *Hippomones* into a Lyon, and *Atalanta* into a Lyonsess, to live thereafter in Woods and Forests, among the Beasts.

I will recite no more Histories, fearing to offend the Goodness of wise and discreet Women, who cannot without Horror, hear so much Discourse of the Cruelty of those who dishonour their Sex. It shall suffice, I say, that there are Women so rigid in Authority, so exact in their Commands, so punctual in their Orders, so jealous of their Power, and so imperious in their Behaviour, that as it is requisite for a *Woman* to know how to Command wisely ; so must she be a *Woman* that knows readily how to Obey the Laws and Orders of Women. I leave themselves to be their own Judges in this, and only add, That these naughty *Women* have a Heart so vain, a Mind so haughty, and a Port so proud and stately, that we may very well vindicate what is writ against them.

And therefore be not too hasty to Marry ; for doubtless if you marry in haste, you'll repent at leisure. There are many Troubles, which come all galloping at the Heels of a Woman, which many young Men before-hand do not think of. The World is not all made of Oatmeal, nor is all Gold
which

which glisters : For a smiling Countenance is no small Proof of a merry Heart ; nor, as the Way to Heaven is not strewed with Rushes, so no more is the *Cradle of ease* in a Woman's Lap. If thou wert a Servant, or in Bondage before, yet when you marry, your Toil is never the nearer ended ; but even then, and not before, thou changest thy Golden Life which thou didst lead before, in respect of the married, for a drop of Honey, which quickly proves as bitter as Wormwood. And therefore it's better to have two *Ploughs* going, than one *Cradle* ; and better a *Barn* fill'd than a *Bed* : Therefore cut off the Occasion which may any Ways bring you into Fool's Paradise.

And first of all, shun Idleness ; for Idleness is the beginner and maintainer of Love. Apply your self to some Business ; for so long as the Mind or Body be in Action, the love of Women is not remembred, nor Lust thought upon ; but if your Time's spent idly among Women, you are like one that plays with a Bee, and sooner feels her Sting than tastes her Honey.

A Man cannot carry Fire in his Bosom, and not be burnt ; no more can he live in love, but it's a Life as wearisome as Hell : and he that marrieth a Wife, matches himself to many Troubles.

If you marry a still and quiet Woman, it will seem as if you rid an ambling Horse to Hell,

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Hell, but if with one that is froward and
anquiet, you had as good ride a trotting
Horse to the Devil. In this I will not be
my own Carver, but leave it to be Judg'd of
those which have seen the Troubles, and
felt the Torments; for none are better a-
ble to Judge of Women's Qualities, than
those who have them.

It is said, *That a Man should eat a Bushel
of Salt with one which he means should be his
Friend, before he put any great Trust in him.*
And if you be so long in chusing a Friend,
in my Mind you had need to eat Two Bu-
shels of Salt with a *Woman*, before you
make her your *Wife*; or otherwise, before
you have eaten one Bushel with her, you
will taste of ten Quarters of Sorrow; and
for every Dram of Pleasure, an Ounce of
Pain; and for every Pint of Honey a Gal-
lon of Gall; for every Inch of Mirth, an
Ell of Misery.

In the beginning, a *Woman's* Love seem-
eth delightful, but endeth in Destruction;
therefore he that trusts to the love of a
Woman, shall be as sure as he that hangs
by the leaf of a Tree at the latter end of
Summer.

There is a great difference between the
standing Stream, and running Pool, though
they are both Waters. Of two Evils, there-
fore, chuse the least. I do not advise you
to chuse the *least Woman*, for the little

Women are as unhappy as the greatest. For tho' their Statues be little, yet their Heads are big.

Speak fair to all, but trust none, and say with *Diogenes*, *It's too soon for a young Man.*

One asked a Philosopher, *What the Life of a married Man was?* He answer'd, *Misery*; for he still lingers in Hopes of farther Joy. *And what is his end?* and he still answer'd, *Misery.*

There are six *Kinds of Women* you shou'd take care you Match not to; that is, *Good* nor *Bad*, *Fair*, nor *Foul*, *Rich*, nor *Poor*. For if you marry one that is good, you may quickly spoil her, with making too much of her; for when Provender pricks a Woman, then she'll grow Knavish. And if bad, then you must support her in all her bad Actions, which will be tiresom to you; as if you drew Water continually to fill a *bottomless Tub*. If she be *Fair*, you must do nothing else but *Watch* her; and if she be *Foul*, who can abide her? If she be *Rich*, then you must forbear her because of her Money. And if she's *Poor*, you'll be forc'd to maintain her.

If a *Woman* be never so rich in *Dowry*, happy in a good Name, beautiful of Body, sober of Countenance, eloquent in Speech, and adorn'd with Virtue; yet she has one Quality or other, which spoils all; like a Cow that gives good Milk, but kicks it to the

the Ground. Or like Men, when they say, such a Man is a very fine Workman, a good Surgeon, or a skilful Phisician, and the like ; *but*, it's pity, he has one Fault, which commonly in some Men is *Drunkenness*, a very bad Quality.

'Tis said of Men, that they have but one Fault, butt of Women *two*, that is to say, they can neither *say well*, nor *do well*. There is a saying, *That Things far fetch'd, and dear bought, are most esteem'd* : The like may be said of Women, tho' many of them are not far fetch'd, yet they are dear Bought ; yea, so dear, that many a Man curseth his hard Pennyworth. For the Pleasure of the fairest Woman in the World, lasteth but an Honey-Moon ; that is, whilst a Man has glutted his Affections, and reaped the first Fruits ; his Pleasure being past, Sorrow and Repentance remains still with him.

Therefore to make you the stronger to strive against those tame Serpents, you shall have more Strings to your Bow than one : It's safe riding with two Anchors. Always look before you Leap, least your Ships chance to break.

Now the Fire is kindled, let us burn the other Faggot, and so return to the Matter in Hand.

If a Woman be never so comely, think her a Counterfeit ; never so strait, think her crooked ; if she be well set, call her a

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Boss ; if slender, a walking *Paring Shovel* ; if brown, think her as black as a Crow ; if fair, a painted Wall ; if bashful, think her unmannerly ; if merry and pleasant, then she is the more like to be a Wanton.

But if you be such a Fool, to spend your Time and Treasure, in loving and delighting in Women, you are like the simple *Indians*, who dress themselves richly when they go to be burned.

But what shall I say ? Some would not give their *Babel* for the Tower of London. He that hath been at Sea, hath seen the Dangers ; and he that is married, can tell of his own Woe ; but he that was never burned, will never dread the Fire. Some will go to Dice, tho' they see others lose their Money at Play, and some will marry, tho' they Beg together.

Some with sweet Words undermine their Husbands, as *Dalilah* did *Sampson* ; and some with chiding and brawling are made weary of the World, as *Socrates* and others. *Socrates*, when his Wife did chide and brawl, would go out of the House till all was quiet again ; but because he would not Scold with her, it vex'd her the more. For on a Time, she privately watch'd his going out, and threw the Chamber-Pot out of a Window upon his Head : *Hah, hah*, cry'd he, *I thought after all this Thunder, there would be some Rain.*

History makes mention of one *Annius*, who invited a Friend of his to Supper, but when he came home, he found his Wife scolding with her Maids, whereat his Guest was very much discontented: *Annius* turning to him, said, *Good Lord! how impatient art thou? I have suffer'd her these twenty Years, and canst not thou abide her two Hours?* By which means he made his Wife leave Scolding, and laugh out the matter.

Dion tells us, That Mark Anthony, having caus'd the Head of Cicero, the wonder of the Roman Orators, and his sworn Enemy, to be brought before him, laid it on a Table, to feed and glut his Eyes with the sight of it; and having so done, bid it be taken away: But his Wife, to shew the hatred she had conceiv'd against this Father of Eloquence, taking his Head between her Hands, spit on the Face, belching out Imprecations and Reproaches; and withal, having pull'd out his Tongue, she pierced it through with Pins and Needles, till she had satisfied her Cruelty.

But yet see a more detestable Relation. Baudel, in his Tragical Histories reports; That a Spanish Lady, called *Violenta*, (a Name agreeing with her Nature) finding herself deceiv'd by a Cavalier, whose Name was *Diego*, under the pretence of Marriage; whilst he had espoused another, did with her Allurements so far prevail with him, as to draw him one Night to her House, pretending she would be at his Dis-

cretion; only desired him that she might have the Respite awhile for to Sleep away that Trouble, and the former Discontent between them, and that in the mean while, he would be pleas'd to repose himself.

No sooner was poor Diego fallen asleep, but she, assisted by her Maids, strangled him; and not being satisfied therewith, gave him five or six Stabs with a Ponyard, as an addition to her Revenge; then she pull'd out his Eyes, and his Tongue, and having open'd his Breast, tore his Heart, and afterwards so mangled his Body, that no one could know one part from the other; and for a Conclusion, to fulfil her inhuman Cruelty, she threw him out of her Window upon the Stones below. The Passengers were amaz'd and terrified at this pitiful and disfigur'd Spectacle, but recollecting themselves, examin'd this Lady, who confessed the Crime: Whereupon Justice soon appointed a Punishment worthy of her Crime, which was accordingly executed upon her, and her wicked Confederates, in the presence of the Duke of Calabria, Son of King Frederick of Arragon.

A barbarous instance of a bloody, implacable Revenge, too frequent, and peculiar only to treacherous Women!

There is no Woman, but either she has a long Tongue, or a longing Tooth, and they are two ill Neighbours when they dwell together: For, one will lighten the Purse, if it be still pleased, and the other will awake thee from Sleep, if it be not charm'd. All

Beasts,

Beasts, by Man, are made tame, but a Woman's Tongue will never be tame; it is but a small Thing, and seldom seen, but is often heard, to the Terror, and utter Confusion of many a Man. Therefore, as a sharp Bit curbs an unruly Horse, even so a curst Woman must be very roughly used: But if Women could hold their Tongues, then Men would many Times hold their Hands. As the best metal'd Blade is mix'd with Iron, even so the best Woman that is, is not free from Faults. The finest Garden is not free from Weeds, no more is the best nor fairest Woman from ill Deeds.

Trust not a Secret with a Woman, for the more you charge her to keep it close, the more she will seem as it were, to be with Child, till she has reveal'd it among her Gossips: Yet if you Question her Secrecy, she will be Angry, and cry, *I am not such a light house-wife of my Tongue, as they whose Secrets lie at their Tongue's-ends, which fly abroad as soon as they open their Mouths. Therefore you need not fear telling me your Secrets, for I never was guilty of a slip of the Tongue in my Life.* Nay, she will not stick to swear, that she will tread it under Foot, or bury it under a Stone. Yet for all this, believe her not; for every Woman hath one particular Gossip at the Feast, which she loves and affects above all the rest, and to her she runs with all the Secrets she can get.

There

There is a History which mentions one *Lyas*, whom King *Amasis* commanded to go into the Market, and to buy the best and profitablest Meat he could get ; and lo, he bought nothing but *Tongues*. The King asked him why he bought no other Meat ? He answer'd, *I was commanded to buy the best Meat, and from the Tongue come many good and profitable Speeches*. Then the King sent him again, and bid him buy the worst and unprofitablest Meat, and he likewise bought nothing but *Tongues*. The King again asked him the Reason. *From nothing* (cry'd he) *cometh worse Venom, than from the Tongue*. And such *Tongues* most Women have.

Further, marry not for Beauty without Virtue ; nor chuse for Riches without good Conditions. *Solomon*, amongst many other notable Sentences fit for this purpose, saith, *That a fair Woman without discreet Manners, is like a Gold Ring in a Swine's Snout*. And if you marry for Wealth, then your *Wife* many times will fling it in your Dish, and say, of a Beggar she made you a Man. And if you marry for Beauty, and above your Calling, you must not only bear with her Folly, but with many unhappy Speeches ; for she will say, she was blind in having thee, for she might have had *Captain* such-a-one, or *this Gentleman*, or *that*, or *t'other*. So that you shall never need to ask a bad Word of her for seven Years, for she will give you enough

enough without asking. Besides, I fear you will be better headed than wedded; for she'll make you wear an Ox's Feather in your Hat.

He that has a fair Wife, will adventure on a Thousand Infamies, only in hopes to keep her in the State of an honest Woman, but if she be ill given, do what you can, break your Heart, and bend your Study never so much, yet all will not serve, you may let her go all Hours in the Night, she will never meet with a worse than herself, except she meets with the Devil himself.

Therefore, yet once more I advise thee in the Choice of thy Wife, to have a special regard to her Qualities and Conditions, before you shake Hands, or jump a Match with her. Enquire also, and mark the Life and Conversation of her Parents; Let the old Proverb put you in Mind, that an ill Bird lays an ill Egg, the Cat will after her kind. An ill Tree cannot bring forth good Fruit. The young Cock Crows after the old one. It is a very rare matter to see Children tread out of the Paths of their Parents. He that comes into a Fair to buy a Horse, will search every part to see whether he's sound of Wind and Limb, and whether he be bred hard, well-pac'd, and has all the Marks of a good Horse to outward appearance; yet for all his Skill, he may be deceiv'd in his Bargain :
But

But if he prove a Jade, he may put him away at the next Fair.

But if in choice of a Wife you be deceived, as many Men are, you must stand to your Word, which you made before the whole Parish, which was, *To take her for Better, for Worse*; for there is no refusing: She will stick to you as close as a Saddle to a Horse's Back; and if she be frowardly given, then will she vex you Night and Day.

Amongst the Quietest Couples that are, yet Household Jars will arise; but yet such Quarrels which happen in the Day, are often pacify'd with Kisses in the Night: But if it be not so ended, their Strife will go forward like a Carriage which is drawn between Two Horses Tail to Tail. And, if she can't revenge herself with her *Tongue*, or *Hands*, nor by conveying away Goods, yet she will wound you privately: For if you strike her with your Sword, she will smite with the Scabbard. Chuse not the Rapier by its Ringing, nor thy Wife by her Singing; for if you do, you may be deceiv'd in both: For your Rapier may prove naught, and your Wife as bad.

Now, if you ask me, How you should chuse your Wife? I answer, You have the whole World to make your Choice in, and yet you may be deceiv'd.

Am

An ancient Father being ask'd by a sober young Man, How he should chuse a Wife? he answer'd him thus : *When you see a Flock of Maids together, run blindfold among them, and whoever you catch, let her be your Wife.* The young Man told him, That if he did so, he might be deceiv'd. So you may (cry'd the old Man) *if your Eyes were open ; for, in the Choice of a Wife, you must not trust your own Eyes.*

She may seem Good, whose Waste and Fingers are Slender and Small ; but if a Man had a Mint of Money, such a Wench would make him a Beggar, therefore this is no Bargain for you.

But hark a little farther ; the best time for a Young Man to Marry, is at the Age of Twenty Five, and then to take a Wife at the Age of Seventeen Years, or thereabout, rather a Maid than a Widow ; for the Widow is framed to the Conditions of another Man, and can hardly be alter'd ; so that your Pains will be double. For, you unlearn a Widow, and make her forget and forsake her ill former Practices and Behaviour, which is hard to be done. But a Young Woman of tender Years, is flexible and bending, obedient, and ready to do any thing according to the Will and Pleasure of her Husband.

If you have an Estate, Marry near Home ; but if Poor, then Marry to better yourself ;
after

after Enquiry made of her Wealth and Condition, go far off, and dispatch it quickly; for no doubt but Tatling Speeches, which, in these Cases, commonly run betwixt Party and Party, will break it off, even then when it is come to the upshot. But, as I have already said, before you put your Foot out of Doors, make diligent Enquiry of her Behaviour; for by the Market People you shall hear how the Market goeth. By Enquiry you shall hear whether she be Wise, Virtuous, and Kind, Dressing herself according to her Friends Estate; or whether she delights to keep House, and see that the Servants do their Business; or whether she's Extravagant, or Frugal, and contented with what God has given her. Such a Wife chosen, answering these good Qualities, certainly must needs make you a happy Man in your Choice.

Though most happen on a devilish and unhappy Woman, yet all do not so; and such as happen ill, its a Caution to make them Wise, if they make a Second Choice. Not that all others shall have the like Fortune; the Sun shining upon the Good and Bad; and many a Man happens sooner on a Scold than a patient Wife.

Some thrive by Dicing, but not One in a Hundred; therefore Dicing is ill Husbandry. Some few thrive by Marriage, and yet most are undone by it; for Marriage is ei-

ther

ther the making or marring of many Men. And yet I will not say, but amongst Dust there are Pearls found, and in hard Rocks, Diamonds of great Value ; and so amongst a vast Multitude of Women, there may be a few Good.

Sarah is commended for the great Love she bare her Husband, not only for calling him *Lord*, but for many other Qualities.

Susannah also, for her Chastity, and for creeping on her Knees to please her Husband.

But there are meaner Histories which make mention of many others ; as that of *Demetrius*, how that she was contented to run often like a Footman by her Husband's Side.

Likewise *Lucretia*, for the Love and Duty she bare to her Husband, being unkindly abus'd by an unchaste Letcher against her Will, she presently Slew herself in the Presence of many, rather than she would offer her Body again to her Husband, being but once defiled.

It is Recorded of an Earl called *Gonzales*, That upon the King's Displeasure was committed to Prison ; and his Wife having Liberty to Visit him there, on a Time she caus'd him to put off his Apparel, and put on her's ; and so by that means got out by the Porter, and she remained in Prison : So that by this means he escap'd the angry Rage of his Prince, and afterwards his Wife was deliver'd also.

Likewise it was no small Love that *Artemisia* bare to her Husband; for after his Death she built such a famous Sepulchre, and bestow'd the greatest part of her Riches thereon, that to this Day it is call'd one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Also *Pliny* makes mention of a Fisherman which dwelt near the Sea-side, who fell sick of an incurable Disease, by which means he endured such Torment and Pain, that it would have Grieved any Creature to behold him. His careful and loving Wife labour'd and travel'd far and near to procure his Health again; but at last, seeing all Means in vain, she brake out with him in these Words; 'Death at one Time or other will come; and therefore, rather than any longer you should endure this miserable Life, I am contented that both of us prevent Death before it comes.' So this poor sick Man, did yield to her Counsel; and they went both to the Top of a high Rock, and there this Woman bound herself fast to her Husband, and from thence casting themselves down, both ended their Lives together.

Now I do not commend this Death to be Godly, tho' it shew'd great Love in the Woman.

No doubt but that King *Darius* had a very kind and loving Wife, as shall appear; For when *Alexander* the Great had deprived him of the greatest part of his King-

dom.

dom, yet he bore it very patiently, with a valiant and manly Courage, and without any shew of outward Grief at all : But when News was brought him that his Wife was Dead, he most grievously brake into Tears, and wept bitterly, saying, That the Loss of his whole Kingdom could not have Griev'd him so much as the Death of his Wife.

It is also Recorded of *Alexander*, that at the Death of his Wife, he made such a pitious sorrowful Complaint for her, saying, Death were Kind if he took nothing but that which Offended ; but he hath taken her away which never offended : O Death ! thou hast taken away from me the better part of my Life.

It is said of *Valerius Maximus*, That he on a Time finding Two Serpents in his Bed-Chamber, being strangely surpriz'd at it, he demanded of the Soothsayers, what it meant ? They answer'd him, *That of necessity he must kill one of them ; and if he kill'd the Male, then he should die first, and if he kill'd the Female, then his Wife should die first :* And because he lov'd his Wife better than himself, he made choice of the Male, and kill'd him ; and shortly after he died, leaving his Wife a Widow.

Such a kind of Animal to his Wife was *Adam* ; for he was forbidden on pain of Death not to eat of the Tree of Good and Evil ; yet for all that, *Adam* to gratify his

98 *Female Policy Detected.*

Wife's Kindness, and for Love he bare to her, refused not to hazard his Life by breach of that Commandment.

But because of all things there is a Contrary, which shews the Difference betwixt the Good and the Bad, even both so of Men and Women there are contrary sorts of Behaviour. If in your Choice you happen on a good Wife, for there is a Proverb which saith, *Seldom comes a better* : And there is none poorer than those that have had many Wives.

You may bear a good Affection to your Wife, and yet not let her know it : You may love her well, and yet not carry her on your Back. A Man may love his House well, and yet not ride on the Ridge.

Love your Wife, and speak her fair, tho' you do but flatter her ; for Women love to be thought Beautiful, and to be Mistress of many Servants, and to live without Controul ; and kind Words as much please a Woman as any other thing whatsoever : And a Man's chief Desire should be first the Grace of God, a quiet Life, and an honest Wife ; a good Report, and a Friend in store : And what more can a Man desire ?

St. Paul saith, *Those that do marry do well* : But he also saith, *Those which marry not, do better* : Yet he also saith, *That it is better than to burn in Lust.*

A merry

A merry Companion being ask'd by his Friend, why he did not Marry? He made this Answer, and said, *That he had been in Bedlam Two or Three Times, and yet he never was so mad as to Marry.*

And yet there is no Joy nor Pleasure in the World to be compar'd to Marriage, provided the Parties are of near equal Years, and of good Qualities; then good and bad Fortune is welcome to them, both their Cares and Joys are alike: All is common betwixt them: The Husband doth Honour and Respect her. If he be Rich, he commits all his Goods to her keeping; and if he be Poor, and in Trouble, then he bears but one Half of the Grief; and she will endeavour to comfort him as much as in her lies. If he will stay at home, she will bear him Company: If he will walk abroad, she will be free to go with him; and if he be absent, she longs for his Company; and when he comes home, receives him with Satisfaction in her Looks.

Many are the Felicities and Comforts in such a Marriage, as in our Children, being Young, when they play, prattle, laugh, and show us many pretty Toys, to move us to Mirth and Laughter: And when they are grown older, and that Age and Poverty afflicts their Parents, then, having Grace, they show the Duty of Children, in relieving them; and when their Parents die, they decently bring them with Tears to the Grave.

But, on the other hand consider, when a wrinkled, toothless Woman, shall marry a beardless Boy, there can be no Love between such a Couple, but continual Strife and Debate.

The same may be said, when Matches are made by the Parents, and the Portion paid before the Young Couple have any Knowledge of it, and so many times are forc'd against their Wills, fearing the Rigour and Displeasure of their Parents; and often Promise with their Mouths, but Refuse with their Hearts.

Chuse not a Wife too Fair, nor too Foul, nor too Rich; for if she be Fair, then every one will be catching at her; and if she be Ugly, you'll have no Mind to Love her; and if too Rich, she'll prove an insulting Mistress; so that Riches cause a Woman to be Proud, Beauty makes her to be Suspected, and hard Favour makes her to be Hated.

Therefore, chuse a young Wife, well Educated, reasonably Rich, and indifferent Beautiful, and of a good Wit and Capacity.

Also, in Choice of a Wife, a Man should observe the Honesty of her Parents; for it is likely that those Children which are virtuously brought up, will follow the Steps of their Parents; yet many a Tree is spoil'd in the Hewing. Some there are who have only one Daughter, and are so blinded with excessive Love to her, that they will not de-
bar

bar her of any thing she desires, but suffer her to live and take her Pleasure in Luxury and Wantonness ; which afterwards, too often, is the Cause of many Inconveniences, and Mischiefs.

Now the Father before he marrieth his Daughter, is to sift throughly the Qualities, Behaviour, and Life of his Son-in-Law ; for he who meets with a Civil honest Man, gets a good Son-in-Law ; but he that meets with the contrary, casts away his Daughter.

A Man should esteem his Wife as the only Treasure he enjoys upon Earth ; and that there is nothing more due to her, than the faithful, honest, and loving Company of her Husband.

If you espy a Fault in your Wife, you must not presently fly into a Passion, but check her privately ; always remembering, that you must neither Chide nor Play with your Wife before Company. They that play with their Wives in publick, set other Men's Teeth on edge, and make the Woman Confident.

'Tis highly necessary a Married Man should show himself Affable and Courteous to his Wife ; for a modest *Woman* discovering an ill Temper in her Husband, not only loaths it, but believes that other Men are better Educated, and consequently more Agreeable.

A *Woman* ought to preserve her Reputation, by flying the Conversation of those that have got bad Names. She ought to carry herself so strict in Company, that no Man may presume to attack her: Therefore if a *Woman* should at any time be set upon, let her Answer thus; *When I was a Maid, I was at the Disposition of my Parents: But now I am Married, I am at the Pleasure of my Husband; therefore you had best speak to him, and know his Mind what I shall do.* And if her Husband be out of the way, let her always behave herself as if he were present.

A *Woman*, if her Husband be Passionate and Hasty, must endeavour to pacify him with mild and gentle Expressions; and if he Chides, let her be silent, for the Answer of a wise *Woman* is Silence. Let her not tell her Mind till his Passion is over; for if *Women* many times would hold their *Tongues*, as 'tis their Duty, they might be at quiet.

There was an angry Couple married together, and a Friend being with 'em at Supper, ask'd them, how they could agree together, being both so peevish and froward? The good Man made him this Answer; *When I am angry, my Wife beareth with me, and when she is angry, I bear with her.*

He that meets with a careful, painful *Woman*, which knoweth when to Spend, and when to Spare; and to keep the House in good Order, must not deny such a Wife any
necessary

necessary thing belonging to the House: But if she be a light, idle Housewife, who cares not for Husband, Children, or Servants, or any other belonging to the House, the Man may reasonably prevent her from wasting his Estate.

They ought to be restrain'd in this matter, and that Man ought to be Ridicul'd above all Men, that gives it out of his Power to prevent his Wife's transferring his Goods to Strangers; for an idle Woman will wander abroad, and a little Importunity will induce her to pawn her Husband's Property.

Having thus far proceeded in giving my Reader a full View of the Vices, Mischiefs, and Miseries attending that part of the Female Sex, whose lewd and detestable Lives have, since the Fall, render'd the rest of the World miserable. Let me now, to close all, entertain you with an innocent and profitable Discourse of Use to both Sexes, which was deliver'd at a *Wedding* some time since, and is as follows.

A Good

A Good Wife

G O D ' S G I F T :

O R, A

C H A R A C T E R

O F A

W I F E I N D E E D.

P R O V. xviii. 22.

*He that findeth a Wife, findeth good,
and obtaineth favour of God.*

IN these Words of King Solomon, we may, my beloved, observe, That the Wisdom of God therein, intimates to us these five Particulars, viz.

- I. The Party commended, *a Wife.*
- II. The Commendation which is given her, *Good.*

III. The

III. The Means of compassing her, by *Seeking*, implied in the Word, *Findeth*.

IV. The principal Donor, or Giver of her, *G.O.D.*

V. The Nature and Quality of the Gift, *a Favour*.

For the first of them, *a Wife*. May some say, What! is every Wife, or every Woman then such as *Solomon* here saith? Yea, doth not the same *Solomon* himself elsewhere say, That some *Wife there is that pulleth down the House*; that is not a *corrosive at her Husband's Sides*, but as *corruption in his Bones*. Or like a continual dropping in a rainy Day; that makes a Man weary of his Home, and either drives him out of Doors, or will not suffer him to rest within. And that it is better for a Man to dwell on the Housetop, expos'd to Wind and Weather: or to live in the Wilderness among the wild Beasts, than to keep House with such an one.

To this there are divers Answers given.

For first some say, That a Wife, so long as she continueth a Wife; that is, so long as she is not disloyal, but is Honest, as we say, of her Body, tho' she be never so contentious, unquiet, or inconvenient otherwise, is to be esteem'd as a Benefit. As a bad Magistrate, say they, is yet better than none: (better a Tyranny, than an Anarchy) so a bad Wife is yet better than none at all. But this is not warrantable.

But

But First. It were but a very sorry Commendation of a Wife, to say, Better such an one than none at all. *What manner of Good call you that, saith Jerome, and before him, Tertullian, That is not deemed, or termed Good, but in comparison of some greater Evil? That is not Good, to speak properly, but less Evil only.*

Again, when Solomon saith, *That it is better to live on the House-top, or abroad, in the wide Wilderness, than with such an one,* he plainly implieth, That (as Sophocles speaketh of some Friends) it is much better to be without her, than with her; to live solitary, than to live with such.

So that the Point of Instruction which we observe from hence is; That

She, that is not a Good Wife, is as good as no Wife.

I count that no Dowry, saith one, that is commonly so call'd; nor doth the Spirit of God count her a Wife, tho' she be usually so reckon'd, where Piety, Honesty, Sobriety, Modesty, and Wisdom are wanting. A bad Wife is as no Wife in God's account. And not without good Cause.

For, she is but a Shadow without Substance, and a Title without Truth. She beareth the Name, but doth not the Work of a Wife. For what is a Wife, but a Woman given Man to be a Help and Comfort to him? But as the Father of a Fool shall have

have no Joy of him ; so the Husband of a bad or foolish Woman, is like to have little Joy, Help, or Comfort of her. And how is she a Comforter that yieldeth no Comfort ? How an Helper that affords no Help ? They are Friends in Name, *saith one*, but not in Deed, that stick not by a Man, but fail him when he standeth in need of them : So is she a *Wife* in Name, but not in Deed, that affordeth not her Husband, that Help and Comfort that a Wife ought, and that at first she was intended for.

That Woman may well be termed an Idol-Wife, that beareth the Name of a Wife, and sitteth in the House as the Image of a Wife, but doth no part of the Duty or Office of such an one. Surely, as Saint James saith, that *Faith without Fruits, is lifeless and dead, as a Body without Breath*. Such Faith is no Faith indeed, but a mere Carcass of Faith : So a Wife without Works, she that beareth a Wife's Name, and doth not a Wife's Work, is no Wife indeed, but a lifeless Image of a Wife, or (as *Lamech's* second Wife's Name importeth) a Shadow only of such an one.

And if she be so that performeth not the office of a Wife, what is she then that doth the contrary ? Who, when she should be an helper, proveth an hinderer, in the best Things especially ; like the Friend that proveth a Foe when he should shew himself

a Friend? When she should be a Comfort, proveth a Cross, a Curse, a Discomfort? She that was made and ordain'd for Man's special Good, crosses the end of her own Creation, and God's Ordinance therein, proveth the means of his greatest evil? Like the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* that sat in *Moses's* Chair, professing themselves, and pretending to be Pastors of God's People; but as our Saviour telleth them, were indeed Thieves and Robbers, and Murtherers of them, *Wolves*, either in *Shepherds* Weeds, or in *Sheep's* Cloathing; such as not only fed not, but kill'd and destroy'd those whom they ought to have fed and saved.

And certainly the good Wife is not so great a Blessing, but the bad is as great a Cross. No greater Comfort under the Sun than the one, nor Discomfort than the other.

Yea, those artificial and equivocal Limbs, tho' they be not proper Parts, nor stand the Body in much stead; yet are they rather helpful than hurtful, or harmful in any way to it; they help to supply a place Defective, that would otherwise stand vacant, and by supplying it, to conceal in part such Blemishes, as would otherwise lie more open to the Eyes of others. But with a bad Wife, an indiscreet Woman, it is far worse. She not only standeth her Husband in no stead, but she is a sore Burden, and a foul Blemish, and not an Eye-sore only, but an Heart-sore to him that hath her. *She sheweth*

meth him, saith Solomon, and is as Rottenness in his Bones.

And she may therefore be compared rather to a Wart, or a Wen, seated in some conspicuous part, (as Ointment in the Hand that cannot be conceal'd) which as it is no Benefit, so it's a Blemish to the Body ; or to a Wolf or Cancer, that consumeth the Flesh, wasteth the vital Parts, and eateth even to the very Heart. For no sorer Ulcer than a bad Friend, in *Sophocles* his Judgment, than a bad Wife in *Solomon's* Account.

Now this Point then may serve,

First, For Examination. For Women hereby to examine themselves, whether they be Wives or no.

But what needs that may some say : 'Tis well enough known already, that we are Wives, and married *Women*. We were contracted before Company, and married openly in the Face of the Congregation, all Ceremonies and Circumstances observed that could be required, or are usual in such Cases ; and the Church-book where we were married, will testify as much.

I Answer. All this may be, and yet thou no *Wife* for all that. A married *Woman* thou may'st be, but yet no *Wife* ; for tho' thou wert contracted before a Thousand *Witnesses* ; and married publickly in a most frequent and solemn Assembly, not by the Hand of an ordinary Minister, but of a

Bishop, or Arch-bishop, no Rite or Ceremony omitted, either the *Wedding-Ring*, or any other: Yet, art thou no Wife, if thou dost not the Duty of a Wife; if thy Husband have not that good of thee, that God's Spirit here speaketh of.

But how may a Woman know then whether she be a Wife or no.

I Answer. Read over the Rules that Saint Paul, or Saint Peter prescribe married Women, and examine thy self by them. Read over the Description that Solomon's Mother maketh of a good Wife, and compare thy self with it. There is set down a Pattern and a Precedent for thee. There is a Looking-glass for thee, (as St. James speaketh of God's Word in general) to see thy self in, and to shew thee what thou art.

And it were wish'd, That as the Philosopher will'd his Followers to view themselves often in a Glass, that if they found themselves Fair and Comely, they might be careful to have their Carriage and Courses agree; if otherwise, they might strive by moral Abilities, to make Amends for, and Recompence what were wanting that way: So that if every married Woman did, not once a Day, or once a Week, but once a Month, look seriously herself in this Glass. But it is to be feared, that too many are very loth to look into it, because they know how they shall find themselves before

beforehand : And as that old wither'd Harlot, therefore cast away her Looking-glass, because she could not therein see herself such as she would ; so they shun this Glass, not affecting it, because they cannot see themselves therein such as they should : But let us set the Glass before them, that they may look on it, and view themselves in it, if they will ; which if it shall plainly represent them far otherwise than they would seem to be, it is not the Fault of the Glass, but their own ; let them blame themselves, and not it.

A Wife then, say those *Apostles*, is one that is subject and obedient to her Husband as her Head. But many, by this Rule, will hardly prove Wives ; being Mistresses (as *Jerom* speaketh) rather than Wives, to those that have them, or rather whom they have, being married rather to them, than having married them, as he speaketh. So that their Husbands (if they may so be termed that are so mated) may say, that when they received their Wives Dowry, if they had any thing at least with them ; for even those that bring nothing are often as faulty in this kind, as they that bring much, they sold away their own Liberty, and took in a Mistress, instead of a Wife ; as the *Cynick's* Master did a Master, instead of a Servant ; and *Nazianzen* saith, that some Wives do instead of an Husband. A Crime too often committed.

Again. She is a Wife, as *Solomon's* Mother describeth her, that is not a good Housewife only in the House, but a good Wife also to her Husband; that doth him good all his Days, all the Days at least that she liveth with him.

She is a Wife then indeed, and none but she, in whom these two concur, That she is both a good Housewife, and a good Wife too, to him that hath her. But how many married Women are there, in whom neither of these are? How many in whom they meet not? How many are there not Housewives, but Drones rather, who live wholly on the Sweat of their Husband's Brows, as the Drone doth on the Honey that the Bee maketh and bringeth in? How many, tho' not Drones, yet Droils rather than *Wives*? That will toil and moil indeed about the House, as we say, like Horses, but withal, are of so crooked, and crabbed a Nature, of so unquiet, and contentious a Disposition, that their Husbands can have no Joy nor Comfort at all of them. There can be no comfortable Cohabitation, or conversing with them. There may be good Cause therefore, even for married *Women*, to examine themselves, whether they be *Wives*, or no; since that if they answer not that, which God's *Word* and *Will*, yea which the very Name given them requireth of 'em, they are as no *Wives* in God's account.

But

But here a Question or two would be answer'd.

For First, may some say ; *If such a Wife be no Wife, may a Man then lawfully put away such a Wife ?*

I Answer, No. As the Rabbine speak, The Bone thou must Gnaw that is fallen to thy Lot. There is a Knot of God between you that cannot be unknot. God hath joyn'd her unto thee either in Mercy or in Wrath to be, as he saith of Rulers, either a Nurse to thee, or a Scourge. And, That God hath joyned together, Man may not sever.

Yea, but may not a Man forbear to do the Duty of an Husband to such an one ? For why should I, will some say, be an Husband to her, if she be not a Wife to me ?

I Answer, No : Thou owest it to God. And it is no default of Duty on her part, that can discharge thee of thy Debt to him. As Basil saith of Rulers, We must obey the Good as God, the bad for God. And St. Peter of Masters, That Servants must for Conscience sake, be subject to the Froward as well as the Courteous. So must thou do the Duty of an Husband, as well to a bad, as to a good Wife, for Conscience of God's Command. Do thou thy Duty for God, and thou shalt have thy Reward from God. As our Saviour saith of those that relieve the Poor, though they cannot requite them, yet God will reward them ; so though she doth not

with Kindness answer thee, God will requite thee in the Resurrection of the Righteous.

And so much briefly for Answer to those two Questions.

Secondly. This Point may serve for Premonition, to those that are to enter into this State, That they consider seriously before-hand, what they undertake, and weigh well what they go about: Not think they marry for their Ease, or marry to be maintain'd in Sloth and Idleness, or in Vanity and Pride. As such who *Bernard* says, *Think to live without Care when they have gotten a Charge, or Care.* No, thou marriest to be a Wife, and that is not a naked Name, or a bare Title; it is the Name of an Office that hath many Duties annexed to it. *It is not good for a Man to be alone,* says God, *I will make him an Help.* He doth not say, *I will make him a Wife*; or, *I will make him a Woman that may be an help to him*; though he meant so to do: But, *I will make him an Help.* So that a Wife is a Woman joyned to a Man to be an help to him. And for a Woman to be a Wife, is to be an Help to her Husband. But wherein to be an Help? *Let the younger Women,* saith the Apostle, *marry, breed,* (that is bear and bring up) *Children, and govern the Family,* That is the end of their Marriage; and to do that, is to be a Wife: And that therefore

therefore must every Woman that intendeth to marry, fore-think of, resolve on, and make account of before hand, if ever she mean to be a Wife. *Marriage is honourable*, as the Apostle saith ; and the Name of a Wife an honourable Title. We are wont to give them place before those that be yet unmarried, unless they be far unequal otherwise. But every Dignity hath some Duty annexed to it : And it is not equal that those that refuse the one, should expect ever to enjoy the other. Yea, the greater the Honour is, the greater is the Dishonour, if the Duty be not done which that Honour exacteth.

Thirdly, It may serve for Admonition to those that are entred already. Art thou a married Woman ? Then, as *Jerom* said to a Monk, *Read what thou art here called, and be what thou art stiled*. Thou art stiled a *Wife*, but thou art no *Wife*, if thou doest not a *Wife's* Work ; no more than the Shepherd is a Shepherd, if he feed not his Flock. Consider, therefore, well, what the Duty of a *Wife* is, that thou may'st indeed faithfully and conscionably perform it ; that you may make good what in that Name is required of you : Else, as one saith well, the very Title of godliness, makes the ungodly Man guilty ; so the very Title thou art call'd by, will one Day condemn thee.

Fourthly, It may serve for Information, to inform us, how God esteemeth of such as are faulty or defective this Way. Art thou a *Wife*, but not a good *Wife*? God esteemeth thee as no *Wife*, yea, as no *Woman*; for the same Word signifies either.

And the like may and must be said of the other Party. As the *Wife* is no *Wife*, if she be not a good *Wife*; So is the Husband no Husband, if he be not a good Husband. He is no Man but a Beast (says the famous *Chrysostome*) a wild Beast, rather than an Husband, who is not kind and courteous, but harsh and currish to his *Wife*. He is no Husband, if he do not the Duty of a Husband, as she is no *Wife*, if she do not the *Work* of a *Wife*. And where both Parties are herein faulty, and rather bide than live quietly together, we may well say of 'em as we use to say, *That they live together as Dog and Cat, not as Man and Wife; brute Beasts*, or not so well; rather, as even wild Beasts are wont to do. They are no better at all in God's Sight than such; and they must look one Day to Answer, not only for the Wrong they do one another, but also for the Wrong they do unto his Ordinance, by bringing, thro' their Fault, a foul Imputation upon it.

Fifthly, This may serve for a Caution to such as are yet to chuse. Dost thou lack a *Wife*, and wouldst thou have one? Make enquiry

enquiry for a good Wife, else thou wert better to have no Wife; better without her, if she be a bad one, than with her.

Oh, could I but get a rich Wife, a wealthy one, says one, I were well, I were made for ever! And let me have a fair one, says another, and I care for no more. Give me the Woman, says Sampson, for she pleaseth mine Eye. But as that worthy Grecian once said, That he would rather have for his Daughter a Man without Money, than Money without a Man; So 'tis better for thee to have a Wife without Wealth or Beauty, than Beauty or Wealth without a Wife; and so be as far from having the Comfort of a Wife, as if thou hadst no Wife at all. A Man, saith one, may have many Friends (such as we commonly call Friends) and yet among his many Friends, he may find little Friendship. And so may a Man have many Wives, such as usually bear the Name of Wives, and yet find little enough of that Good in any of them as Solomon here shews to be in a Wife. If you would have a Wife then, seek a good Wife, seek a fit Wife. For, if she be not a good and a fit Wife, you shall have no Wife of her. As a learned Man said sometime of Rome, having been awhile there, That one might seek Rome in Rome, and yet not find her there, Rome was so much alter'd from what it had been. And the Orator of Sicily, after Verres had govern'd there, That
People

People sought Sicily in Sicily, it was by him so impoverish'd. And a Reverend Prelate of ours, of Bellarmine's last Works, That many miss'd Bellarmine in Bellarmine; they were so much unlike to, and came so far short of his former.

And believe it for certain Truth, That so you may find much Want, and miss of a Wife in a Wife, if you make foolishly your Choice amiss: And so, consequently, do your self exceeding great Wrong and Hurt, embracing with *Ixion*, a Cloud instead of *Juno*; or with *Paris*, a Shadow without Substance, a sorry Help, a cold Comfort, a *Wife*, and yet no *Wife*, in regard of any Joy or Comfort in her, in regard of any Help, or furtherance from her. And were it not much better for one to be altogether without? For, what can be more miserable, than to have a *Wife* as covetous Wretches have *Wealth*, to have the Burden of a *Wife*, and to want the Benefit of her; to have the Care, and not the Comfort? Whereas the Man that lives single, as he misses of one, so is he freed from, and eased of t'other.

Lastly, Is such a *Wife* in God's Account as no *Wife*? Let such then never look for respect, or regard with God, for any Remittance, or reward from God. If thou dost not a Wife's Work, never look for a Wife's Wages, a Wife's Reward. There

is no Christian Servant, that serveth his Master faithfully and conscionably, but he shall for the same receive from God a Royal Reward.

And much more the Christian Wife, that doth carefully her Duty to him whom God has joyned her unto. Such as they be Daughters of faithful *Sarah*; so they shall have their Part and Portion with her. But for the negligent rest, since they refuse to do the *Work*, they have no reason to expect or look for the *Wages*. Their *Wills* they may have with their Husbands while they live here; but they are never like to have any Reward at God's Hands. How can they hope that he should reward them as *Wives*, who reputeth them as none? Yea, worse therefore than none, because they ought to have been *Wives*, and did bear the Name of such. In a Word, wouldst thou be a *Wife* in God's Account, thou must then be a *Wife*, not in Name, but in Deed.

And so we pass on to the second Point, *From the Party commended, to the Commendation here given her.*

A *Wife* then (such a one as deserveth the Name of a *Wife*, as is a *Wife* not only in Name, but in Deed, not in Title barely, but in Truth) is an exceeding great Benefit, a means of much Good to him that hath her: *He that findeth a Wife findeth good, says Solomon.* Good; that is much good,

exceeding great Good ; (for it is spoken by way of Excellency or Eminency) as if he could not well tell how to express how much Good might by her accrue to the Husband of such an one : *She'll do him Good, and no Evil, so long as ever they shall live together.* An whole Treasury of Good there is in a good Wife.

To point only at some general Heads of this Good, that such a Wife brings with her : For the Time will not suffer me to insist long on nought.

First, For Society. Man naturally affects Company and Society, and shuns Solitude. Society is the very Soul and Life of Man's Life. There is no comfortable Fruition, or delightful Possession of ought without it. But Solitude is uncomfortable : There is no Warmth in it, says *Solomon*. It is not good for Man to be alone, saith God himself. For some other Creatures it may be ; but for him it is not, being of a Sociable Nature, as many of them are not : And yet even those also, though waving others, yet admit and affect some kind of Society, as that by Name we now treat of. Two therefore (says *Solomon*) are better than One ; in Mankind especially naturally so made : And *Adam* in Paradise, though he were truly Happy, yet was he not fully Happy, his Happiness was not compleat ; he was nothing so well yet as he might be, while he was yet without a

Mate.

Mate. Yea, the Heathen Man thought that though a Man were in Heaven, he would have little Joy or Comfort, the less at least of his being there, unless he had some one there like himself to Converse with. There is much want of Comfort in Solitude; much Comfort in Society. But no Society more near, more entire, more needful, more kindly, more delightful, more comfortable, more constant, more continual, than the Society of Man and Wife; the main Root, Source, and Original of all other Societies: Which of all others, therefore, Man is naturally most inclin'd to: And without which, therefore even the Heathen held the House and Family half unfurnish'd and unfinish'd; and not fully Happy, but half Happy, though otherwise never so Happy, till therewith it became compleat.

Secondly, For Assistance. *It is not good, saith God, for a Man to be alone.* I will make him an Help, or an Assistant; not a Mate only, but an Helper; not a Companion only, but an Assistant too. Man being a Creature of the Kind, not of those that love only to Flock, and Feed, and Bide, and Live together, as *Daws* and *Sterlings* do; but of those who desire to Combine, and Work, and Labour together, like the *Bee* and *Pismire*. He stood in need as of Society, so of Assistance.

God of his Goodness, therefore, provided such a Mate for him, as might also in all Respects be a suitable Help, and an Assistant unto him. And if Man before his Fall, in the State of Innocency, stood in need of Help, when his Labour was not Toil to him, no Pain, but a Pleasure; then much more since his Fall, now his Labour is become Toilsome unto him, and the Fruit of his Sin has brought so many Burdens upon him, which he was not before, nor ever should have been encumbered with, had he continued in his first State. Much need, therefore, hath Man of Help. And, Two therefore, (saith *Solomon*) are better than One; not only because they impart Comfort and Courage mutually to each other; (for if Two lie together, says he, they have the more Warmth) but because they may help and assist one another: For if Two go together, it gives the more Strength; if one falls, t'other may help him up again; and Two may stand where One may fall; and doing the more Work, they may earn the better *Wages*. Now, behold here a fit and a ready Help; a fit Help, I say, for Man. For who is more fit to help Man, than she whom God himself hath fitted for Man, and made for this very End to be a fit Help for him? I will make him such an Help, saith God, as shall be meet for him; One that shall be fit for him; One that shall

be as his Match, as his Mate ; One that being in all Parts and Abilities in a manner as himself, shall furnish him with a second Self, that may better and more fitly serve him, than any other Help in some Kind can ; that being Glewed as it were to him, so becoming One with him, may make him as Two, who before was but One, *As seeing* (saith the Heathen Man) *now with four Eyes, working with four Hands, walking with four Feet* : Whereof one Pair may watch, and be careful, whilst the other in its turn takes a suitable refreshing Rest ; one Pair may Work and Walk, if the other Faint, and Desist.

(Thirdly, For Comfort and Solace. Society is at all times very pleasant and delightful : But in times of Grief and Heaviness, thro' Sicknes or Misfortune, it is the more grateful, because greater need and use of Comfort then.

Fourthly, For Issue. Children, says the Psalmist, *and the Fruit of the Womb, are an Inheritance of the Lord. God blessed them, saith Moses, when he said, Increase and Multiply ;* and by so saying, conferr'd Power of Propagation upon them. For God (saith that venerable Father St. *Augustin*) when he Blesseth, he doth what he saith. The Power of Propagation then is God's Blessing. And, indeed, what greater Blessing could God bestow on Man ? What greater

Honour and Dignity could he endow Man withal than this, to make him an Instrument of Procreating and Producing one in all respects like himself, the chief of God's Works; of giving Being to a Creature endow'd with God's Image, wherein himself had been created? It hath been held as great, if not a greater Honour, to Enrich, as to be Rich; and to make a King, as to be One. It was Man's Preheminence above the rest of God's Creatures, that he bare by Creation the Image of his Creator, which none of 'em did, (the Angels alone excepted) but he only. It was a second Honour, little inferiour, if at all, to the former, (and wherein Man outgoeth even the Angels themselves also) to be enabled by Procreation to produce such another as God himself had Created; and by so doing, to come to imitate, and resemble God his Creator, and Father, not in Name and Title only, but in Act and Truth.

This was a great Benefit before Man's Fall: In some respects it is far greater since his Fall. Man was then Immortal; he is now become Mortal and Incorruptible. And want of Issue is consequently now more uncomfortable, when Men are subject to Mortality, it then had been when Man was himself to have lived always: *Good Lord,* says *Abraham* to God, *what wilt thou give me when I go Childless?* He had little Comfort

of all his great Wealth and Store, (which is wont to make Sterility the more uncomfortable, the greater it is) so long as he wanted an Heir to leave it unto, when he should leave this World himself.

And it was that in all likelihood which made the Prophet *Essaias* Message so harsh and heavy to King *Hezekiah*, when he brought him Word he should Die; because had he then died, he had died without Issue: For his Son *Manasses*, that succeeded him, having Fifteen Years at least surviv'd that Fit of Sicknes, was but Twelve Years old at the time of his Father's Decease.

But by means of Propagation, Man attains to a kind of Immortality, and Eternity, and in his Posterity surviveth himself. The Father, *we say*, is not Dead as long as the Son liveth. A Man is not wholly extinct, so long as any remain of his Race. To have Issue then, is a great Blessing: And it is a greater Honour, says *Nazianzen*, to be Father of One Son, than Master of a Thousand Servants. If Issue be such a Blessing, what's the Means of obtaining it? If the Fruit be so blessed, what is the Root which bears it, and without which it cannot with Comfort be had? For without *Woman*, Issue cannot be at all, without a Wife it cannot lawfully, without such a Wife it cannot comfortably be had. And indeed, what Com-
fort

fort can a Man have either of such Issue as a foul Stain and Reproach to him, the Sight whereof cannot but afford perpetual Remorse and Horror to him, and renew the Memory, so oft as it sees, or minds it, of his Sin and Shame. Or, of Issue by such an one, who, when she should be the Light of his Eyes, and the abundant Joy of his Heart, is a Thorn continually in his Eyes, and a Sting at his very Heart?

Fifthly, For Remedy against Incontinency. A Benefit likewise, that before Man's Fall was not, because then there was no need of it.

The Whole, saith our Saviour, *need no Physician*? Nor needed Man therefore then this Physick, whilst he was yet in perfect Health. It is now otherwise with him; *And to avoid Fornication therefore*, saith the Apostle, *let each Man have his Wife, and each Woman her Husband*. There is in most Men and Women naturally an Inclination and Propension to the Nuptial Conjunction: *The Man seeketh his Rib* (say the Rabbins) *and the Woman the Man's Side*: *The Man misseth his Rib, and seeketh to recover it again; and the Woman would be in her old place again, under the Man's Arm or Wing from whence at first she was taken*. Nor is this Affection and Disposition at all amiss, simply in itself: But since that Sin came in by the Fall of our first Parents, Mankind having lost that Power and Command of it-

self that before it had ; this Affection is not only tainted and mix'd generally with much Filth, but it's grown so violent, impetuous, and headstrong with the most, it is ready to break forth into grievous Inconveniences, if some Course be not taken for restraining of it. Now, for Remedy hereof in part, God hath appointed this his Ordinance : Which cannot, therefore, but be esteem'd as a singular Benefit and Blessing of those that find such Infirmary and Defect in themselves ; and howsoever they may be able so to contain themselves, that it shall never break out into any gross impure Act, yet desire to keep themselves unspotted as well in Soul as in Body, and to approve themselves unto God in all Purity, as far as may be ; even there also, where none seeth but he himself.

Add we here unto it, in the last place, That a Wise Woman, and a Discreet Wife, is no small Grace and Honour to her Husband. And surely, if any outward Thing may help to grace, and adorn a Man, as Apparel, Jewels, Plate, Hangings, House-Furniture, Attendants, Followers, Retinue, Issue, &c. then a worthy Wife as much as, yea, much more than any such. No greater Grace to a Man, than to have a discreet Wife, as no greater Disgrace than to be match'd to a Fool. *The Husband*, says *Clemens*, *is a Crown to his Wife* : And, a wor-

thy Woman, says *Solomon*, is a Crown to her Husband. Not a Gold Ring on his Finger, (and yet *that* is accounted some Grace too) nor a Chain of Gold about his Neck; that is somewhat more in his Eye, usual only with great ones; nor a Feather in his Hat, but a Crown upon his Head; even a Crown of Gold upon the Head of her Husband, her Head. An Ornament more conspicuous and eminent than any of the former; the proper and peculiar attire of Princes; the principal Ensign of the highest Honour. The *Roman Lady Cornelia*, counted her two worthy Sons her chiefest Jewels, whom she shewed therefore to a Stranger Lodging with her, who desired to see what Jewels she had. Of a *Spartan Woman* the like is also reported: her Children were the richest Jewels she had, and she the preciousst Jewel her Husband had. They were her Crown, as *Solomon* also calls them, *She*, his.

And verily, a good Wife, is a Crown preferable to all. She might be called her Husband's Crown, who, for his sake, and her Children's Good, refus'd a Crown offer'd her, after his Decease. And well may the Husband of such a Wife, esteem her as his choicest Jewel, who, by the Testimony of God's Spirit, doth as much adorn him who has her, as a Crown does him that wears it.

And thus you see some few Branches, and rude Lineaments, of that goodness, and Beneficialness of this Divine Ordinance, which the Spirit of God, by the Pen of Solomon, here pointed us unto: A good Wife being, as you have heard, made thus to be,

The best Companion in Wealth;

The fittest and readiest Assistant in Work;

The greatest Comfort in Cross and Grievs;

The only warrantable and comfortable means of Issue and Posterity;

A singular and sovereign Remedy ordained by God against Incontinency.

And the greatest Grace and Honour, that can be, to him that hath her.

In regard whereof, even the very Heathens themselves also, though only led by the bare light of Nature, yet have admir'd the Excellency of this divine Ordinance, and worthily preferr'd it before all other external and temporal Blessings whatever.

First. Is a Wife such a Benefit, where she is a Wife indeed? No marvel then, if we find so much Evil where it is otherwise. The best Things become worst, when they are once corrupted. The strongest Wine makes the sharpest Vinegar. No Creature more lovely than Man, while he liveth; and none again more ghastly to look on when Life is once gone. Yea, no Creature more cruel, or savage than Man, when

when he turneth Beast. No marvel, therefore, if a Wife, as she is one of the greatest goods, while she so continueth, proveth on the other side, one of the grievousest Evils, when she ceaseth to be such.

Secondly. Is a Wife such a Benefit, as is here implied? Then those that have been careful in making their Choice, and have in good likelihood compassed such an One as is here intimated, they may with Comfort, Cheerfulness, and Confidence, enter upon this State with good hope and assurance of finding much Benefit in it, of reaping and receiving much good thereby.

Thirdly. Let the married Wife learn hence what to apply herself unto, that she may be a Wife indeed. The more good she doth her Husband, the more Comfort he receiveth from her, the more Benefit he reapeth by her; the more she doth the Office of a Wife, the more she answereth the Name she beareth. And on the other side, she ceaseth to be a Wife, yea to be a Woman, when she ceaseth to be a means of good to Man: Since that the Woman was not made but for Man, and for his Good; and therefore she answers not her Original, if she is not so. And in vain will it be, for her to bear the Name of that she is not.

Lastly. Hence may the married Man also learn this Lesson. For how ought he to make

make much of her, that is a Means of much Good to him? Give her, saith Solomon, of the Fruit of her Hands, requite her in the same kind. If she do thee good all thy Days, then oughtest thou all thy Days, by all Means, in all Kinds, to seek her Good, her Temporal, her Spiritual, her eternal Good; for good requireth good; and one good turn, we say, deserveth another. Otherwise, if thou art found deficient, failing and negligent herein, her Goodness to thee shall one Day witness against thee. And the better it is with you now, the worse it shall go with you then. Better it were to have no Wife, or one as good as none, if you be not an Husband to her, as well as she is a Wife to you; if you be not an Instrument of good unto her, as well as she is to you. For look what is requir'd on her part towards you, the same is requir'd on your part towards her; which unless you answer her with, you are no more a Husband to her, than she, if she should fall therein, were a Wife to you.

Now the consideration of all the foregoing Points may serve partly for Reprehension, and partly for Admonition.

For the First. It may first serve to reprove the Practice of those that seek not at all; make no search or enquiry, but take Wives as they stumble on 'em Hand over Head, as many do Friends, whom a Pint

of Wine drunk together, or a Game at Tennis, &c. makes Friends; as if they drew Cuts, or cast Lots for them, as sometimes some have done. If you were to take a House, or to hire a Servant, says *Chrysofom*, how careful would you be to make a diligent Enquiry of the Commodities and Discommodities, Conveniences and Inconveniences, Easments, and Annoyances of him who before dwelt in it; what Neighbourhood, and the like: And of the Qualities and Conditions, Vices or good Parts of the other, whom he had formerly served, how he behav'd himself in their Service, how likely to prove fit for your Service, &c. And have you not much more Cause to be Careful, yea, Curious in your Enquiry concerning her whom you may chance to make your Wife?

Secondly. It serves to reprove those who seek indeed, but seek amiss; who seek without Light, yea refuse to use such Light as would be lent 'em, and is offer'd to 'em, and that, when they have more need of it than they are, it may be, aware of. Such are they, the Younger sort especially, who think scorn to take advice of their Friends, imagining themselves Wise enough to advise themselves, and make their own Choice. That which proveth the very Bane, and final Overthrow of many a one, who might have done well if they would have been ruled

at mled by those as wish'd 'em well, and were
ney both able and willing well to advise 'em ;
ne- but refuse to hearken to any good Advice,
ake till it be too late, when they come to be
ry- scourg'd soundly with a Rod of their own
e a making.

Thirdly. It serves to reprove others that
on- seek amiss in another sort. They knock at
of the wrong Door, they go not the right Way
gh- to Work ; that seek by indirect Courfes to
ali- ensnare the Hearts, and entangle the Affecti-
of ons of those whom they desire, being un-
ed, der the Power of others, passing by their
ce, Parents, or others under whose Power they
ce, are ; and whom as God hath set in his
to Place, so he hath in part imparted to them
iry his Power of disposing. Such cannot ex-
to pect any Blessing from God on their seeking
ho contrary to his Word and Will.

Fourthly. Those especially come here to
ek be reprov'd, as pass wholly by God, never
ht look to him ; use their own Industry, and
m, take Advice of their Friends, but never
it think on, or look after him that ought to
ch be their chiefest Adviser and Counsellor,
ho their best Friend, either to crave his Ad-
ls, vice, or ask his good Will. And no mar-
d- vel, if so much neglecting him, they speed
ce. accordingly, and miss of that which with-
fi- out him cannot be had. Thou wouldst take
ht it ill if any Man should be a suitor to thy
en Daughter, and never ask thy good Will ;

much more may God take it evil, that you should seek to win his Daughter's Love, without asking his good leave.

Lastly. Let such married Persons as God has now bless'd in this kind, learn hence what cause they have to thank God for one another. Yea, let the Jars and Discords that they see between other Men and Women mismatch'd, and the peevish, vexatious, cross, and cursed Carriage to one another; together with the manifold Annoyances, and grievous Mischiefs and Inconveniences, that ensue commonly thereupon, be a means to put them in mind of God's great Mercy and Goodness to them, and of his special Favour towards them; and to make 'em the more thankful to him for the same.

And since that this marry'd Couple have receiv'd each other from God, let them herein strive to shew their Thankfulness unto God, by helping one another forward in the good Ways of God.

Do with one another, as *Hannah* did with her Son *Samuel*, as she had him of God, so she bestow'd him on God again; Return each other again to God, and labour to return them better than you received them. The better you both are, and shall make each other, the better you will enjoy one another. And the nearer you approach, and shall bring each other to God, the more good, through God's goodness

ness, will you have, or shall have either of other. The more Man and Wife profit in the Fear of God, the more comfortably and contentedly shall they live together, the better shall it be for them both. *Amen.*

Physical Description

OF THE

CHRISTIE VIRGIN

M 3

A Po-

A

Poetical Description

O F T H E

C H A S T E V I R G I N .

(par'd to Pray,
From sacred Dreams; and Thoughts pre-
 The pious Maid prevents the rising Day.
 Loit'ring Aurora Blushes, when she sees
 The earlier fairer Virgin on her Knees.

Blessing, and blest by Heav'n her next Address
 Is to her Parents, who, next Heav'n can Bless.
 The Morning comes less welcome to their Sight,
 The Morning's far less innocent and bright.
 They gladly own with Thanks, and open Arms,
 Each Day's encrease of Piety and Charms.

Now to some curious Task she does retire,
 With Skill that ev'n Minerva might admire,
 Dissembling Fruits in Wax, and such a Feast
 As might excite a hungry God to taste.

New Scenes of Wonder next she does unfold,
 In artful Webs o'erspread with Figures bold:
 So on this Worldly Stage the Creatures rose,
 Whilst Nature did the various Forms dispose.
 Nor does her Labour only treat our Sight,
 She adds Instruction to our Eyes delight.

In

In ev'ry Stitch some useful Moral's read,
Some History is trac'd in ev'ry Thread :
Here *Ariadne* on a Rock bewails
False Winds with which her falser *Theseus* Sails.
Their diff'rent Aspects our charm'd Eyes imploy
Grief in her Looks, in his, a treach'rous Joy.
What God inspires our Virgin to express
Passions, that ne'er had to her Heart access ?
For yet she knows not what her Art atchiev'd,
What 'tis to Love, or what to be Deceiv'd.
E'er long, like *Ariadne* she shall burn,
But ne'er have *Ariadne's* Cause to mourn.

Sometimes to grace the Court she is allow'd,
(Such Virtue may be trusted in a Crowd)
When publick Triumphs for just Freedom call,
The solemn Festival, or splendid Ball.
When in the Dance, or shining Circle seen,
Her Ornaments have Charms, but more her
(Mien.

O why should Art and Dress their help employ
For Beauty, arm'd by Nature to destroy ?
Why are those Eyes permitted Wounds to give
To many Hearts, that can but one Relieve ?
Of all th' advent'ring Youths, her chosen Prize
But one can prove, the rest her Sacrifice !
Yet urg'd by Fate, or Love's severer Law,
Each Stakes a Heart for what but one can draw.
To charming Ruin, tho' fore-warn'd, they run,
They Gaze, tho' Gazing, sure to be undone.
With worse than our first Father's Destiny,
He Tasting perish'd, for a Look they die ;
Whilst of their Death the fair Destroyer's free,
And knows no more than did the tempting
Tree.

Unskilful thus she shall not long remain,
Taught by her Own, a Sense of others Pain.

Unwonted Sighs shall from her Bosom fly,
 Her self, alas ! as yet admiring why.
 Whilst in her Breast these new Disorders move,
 She blushes (tho' alone) to think 'tis Love.
 At each fond Look her Parents cast, she fears
 Their Eyes should read the dear Concern in hers,
 With some more skill'd Companion she retires,
 Of whom, with modest Caution, she enquires
 What Lovers mean, who rave of Flames and
 (Darts,
 Of captivated Souls, and wounded Hearts.
 At it she mocks, and does her Looks constrain,
 With feigned Mirth, to hide a real Pain ;
 For Love, that did by stealth her Heart invade,
 To his own Conquest is a Pris'ner made.
 Tho' wanting Strength the Tyrant to expel,
 She modestly confines him to his Cell.

Her favour'd Lover Sighs among the rest,
 Wretched, because unknowing that he's blest.
 Not that his Merits, are to her unknown,
 Or Suff'rings, for she feels them by her own :
 Yet he, of all the humble, hopeless Train,
 Believes he has most reason to complain.
 For tho' her Heart consent, her Tongue denies,
 And modestly from her own Wish she flies.
 When prostrate at her Feet himself he throws, }
 He thinks her Cheek a fiery Anger shows, }
 When only with a kind Concern it glows. }
 Thro' Floods and Desarts he pursues his Toil,
 And battles to present her with a Spoil ;
 Which she rejecting with dissembled Scorn,
 He hides himself in Solitude forlorn :
 Not to offend the Sight of her he loves,
 The dearest Object of her Eyes remove.

of a Chast Virgin.

139

His pitying Parents, sisting his Distress,
Approve his Passion, and the Nuptials press,
Which by the Maid as gladly are receiv'd,
The wish'd-Day fixt, yet still our Virgin's
(griev'd :
Still, Modesty instructs her to be Coy,
And fear the Tryal of unpractis'd Joy.



A Po-

A

Poetical Description

O F A

G O O D W I F E.

G O, Muse, and bid good Morrow to the
 Too long she do's her guiltless Blushes
 (Bride ;
 (hide.

Invite her down to her Domestick Charge,
 A Province, like her Virtues, fair and large.
 Tell her, that to a Mansion she is come,
 More truly hers, than her own native Home.
 How but a Subject there she did appear,
 A Regent now, and in her Palace here.

From tender Parents Arms to Hymen sent,
 O may she never the Exchange repent !
 Whilst Nuptials her from their Embraces call,
 A kinder Husband makes amends for all.

See

See how her chaste and exemplary Life
Betimes adorns the sacred Name of Wife.
As Saint-like Minds, design'd for Joys above,
On earth prepare themselves for their re-
(move,
Practise so well Celestial Manners here,
That proper Guests they come, not Strangers
(there.
So did she in her Virgin Days prepare,
Each Virtue's Practice made so much her
(Care,
That she from first adorns the wedded Life,
No sooner Bride, but an accomplish'd Wife.

From Censure free, if others Faults she 'spy,
'Tis but to learn how those Defects to fly.
Her Heart is Wisdom's Centre, whose mild
(sway
Her Actions all harmoniously obey.
Her heav'nly Thoughts without Disorder
(move
All calm and tuneful as the Spheres above.
Whene'er she speaks, her Words even while
(they fly,
Are catcht by some bright Seraph waiting
(nigh,
Who bears them up like Incense to the Sky.
For well of Incense they deserve the Name,
Pure as her Heart, the Altar whence they
(came.
Her Speech instructs, and when it Silent lies,
Ev'n then she reads bright Lessons with her
(Eyes.

Pru-

Prudence, her sure Companion, Friend, and
 (Guide,
 Does o'er her Life so constantly preside,
 That even her Mirth, and harmless Freedom's
 (taught
 To shun the very Shadow of a Fault.
 Ev'n her divertive Hours are guiltless spent,
 Chaste in Delights, in Pleasures innocent.

Next Heav'n, her Husband, the next wor-
 (thy Guest
 Possesses the fair Mansion of her Breast.
 What Prince with that blest Husband can com-
 (pare,
 Unless like his a Comfort ease his Care :
 Beneath the glitt'ring Weight of Crowns he'd
 (groan,
 Unless the genial Bed relieve the Throne.

Thrice happy Man, what Numbers can ex-
 (press
 The Entertainments of thy sweet Recess,
 When from the Herd of People thou dost
 (come
 To thy Heart's Mate, and dearer Self at Home,
 From busie Sots or Fops more teasing Fry,
 From Criticks most tormenting Company ;
 From Coffee-house where Newsmongers re- }
 (fort, }
 From Friends that make an absent Friend }
 (their Sport, }
 From treach'rous, fullsome, Compliments of }
 (Court. }

When

When from this Penance thou dost home re-
 (pair,
 To the Embraces of thy Chast and Fair,
 How soon does her lov'd Bosom charm thy
 (Care!
 'Tis here thy Dove-like Soul her Rest must find,
 Without that Ark are only Waves and Wind.

Perhaps his Country's Service, for a Time
 May call the Husband to some distant Clime,
 His Days employ in Marches, or in Fight,
 (But with sweet Dreams of Home, reliev'd at
 (Night,)
 The prudent Fair, his Absence to supply,
 So well sustains the Female Regency,
 That no Complaints are through the Household
 (sound,
 Each Orb performs its old harmonious Round.
 Return'd, he finds of Order the same Face,
 All kept in Form as when he left the place.
 So does the sandy Teneriff's calm Brow
 Returning Trav'lers their old Foot-steps
 (show,
 Where no disord'ring Winds have leave to
 (Blow.

From stately Cities, and the Tyrian Bed,
 The willing Muse by Hymen's Torch is led
 To Cottages, where he does humbly reign,
 Nor his poor Subjects of the Lawns disdain.
 A pious Stock of Mortals, in whose Race,
 Old Nature may her ancient Features trace.
 Amongst this harmless Breed —
 When Earth of injur'd Virtue was bereft,
 Departing Justice her last Foot-steps left.

Here Hymen does with Joy his Laws prescribe,
 Rever'd with gladness by this harmless Tribe.
 None treat the God with more religious Care,
 Nor of his Blessings have a larger Share.

Their Services he fails not to repay,
 With Gifts Substantial, and not falsely Gay;
 Sleep for Ambition, for Preferment Health,
 For Portion Chastity, Content for Wealth,
 The Honest Man Plows, Sows, and Reaps the
 (Soil,

His careful Wife plies her Domestick Toil.
 With unbought Clothing, and unpurchast

(Fare,
 She makes warm Winters by her Summer's
 (care.

Her Kine she hovels from Tempestuous Skies, }
 The friendly Kid with Fodder she supplies, }
 When under Flood or Snow the Pasture lies. }

She piles her Fire, and makes it briskly burn,
 Against the Hour of her good Man's return,
 Whom tir'd, with a kind Look and Kiss she
 (cheers,

And to his Arms, his crowing Infant rears.

He with the fondling sports, she spreads the
 (Board;

With healthful Pulse, Roots, Fruit, and Sal-
 (lad stor'd,

And all the harmless Luxury which their own
 (Grounds afford.

The Household supp'd, about the Hearth he
 (sits

With his Domesticks, parlous Country Wits.

One tells a Fable by himself devis'd,
 That's by the next as shrewdly moraliz'd.

The

of a good Wife.

145

The good Wife then a spicy Bowl brings out,
Which her good Man as frankly puts about.

O Swain, take care, these Blessings to con-
Nor let their Knowledge from thy Cottage
Should once the Court or Town thy Pleasures
Thy Solitude a City soon would be.

I AP 64

N 2 A Po

A

Poetical Description

OF THE

PIOUS WIDOW.

From Hymen's Joys the Muse with droop-
 (ing Wing,
 Descends (sad Change !) the Widow'd
 (Bed to sing.
 What pitying Pow'r can teach her Grief the
 (Art

To charm and comfort a forsaken Heart.
 Behold where our once happy Bride retir'd,
 Conceals those Eyes that each Beholder fir'd,
 Dissolv'd in Tears, from hated Day they fly,
 One glim'ring Lamp can too much Light sup-
 (ply

For Sorrow's Task ———

By one dim Lamp the sabled Matron mourns,
 Which fighting Cupids tend and dress by turns.

She

She Pines, nor for one Moment can remove
The present Image of her absent Love.

So in the thickest Covert of the Wood,
The Turtle makes her Grief her only Food.

So moans her slaughter'd Mate, and wingless
(Brood.

Go, pitying Muse, and charitably rude,
Between the Mourner and her Grief intrude.

The Grave, her Foe, already at her cost
Too richly treated, too much Spoil can boast.

Permitting Grief her Beauties to devour,
Is adding Triumphs to the Conqueror.

To Charm her Sorrow, tell what peerless Fame,
What Honours crown the Virtuous Widows

(Name :

How well her Character the Sex has grac't,
Thro' long Successions of bright Ages past.

Judæa first presents it self to fight,

Her sacred Tribes oppress'd by heathen Might,
Where Deborah's enthron'd beneath the Palm,

With Thoughts as active as her Looks are calm,
Her Sylvan Court the Regent Widow holds,

Distributes Justice, and the Law unfolds.

Domestick Strifes decided, for Allarms

Fiercer prepares, and calls the Tribes to Arms.

She leads, and with the Vigour of her Eyes,

Confirms the Conquest which she prophesies.

Her Predecessors Virtues she unites,

Directs like Moses, and like Joshua Fights.

The Sun to stop his Course needs no command

Viewing the Prowess of a Female Hand,

With meer Astonishment he's forc't to stand.

Next let *Zenobia* terribly delight,
 Like arm'd *Bellona*, charmingly affright,
 Her Bed's dear Partner from his destin'd Grave
 She could not keep, but cou'd her Nation save.
 She pushes to retrieve a desp'rate Game,
 Fir'd with her own, and *Odonatus* Flame ;
 For as one Eye eclips'd, transfers its light,
 And in the Optick left confirms the Sight.
 So, strengthen'd by her Partners overthrow,
 The gen'rous Widow foils her *Roman* Foe.
 To chase their flying Eagles she presumes,
 And Crests her Helmet with their ravisht
 (Plumes.

A *Heroine* that could like *Pallas* fight,
 And with *Minerva*, or the Muses write.
 In Verse to charm his angry Ghost, relate
 Her *Odonatus* Triumphs and his Fate ;
 By force of Wit, injurious Death o'ercome,
 And plant eternal Lawrels on his Tomb.

Now to the Pomp of Sorrow turn your
 (Eyes,
 And see the *Mausolæan* Structure rise :
 A Fabrick tow'ring with such vast extent,
 It seems a Mountain, not a Monument.
 Of the World's seven Wonders, 'tis the chief,
 Proportion'd to its Royal Founders Grief :
 Since of the great deceas'd, is left alive
 A Name alone, to make that Name survive,
 His mourning Queen this Structure does con-
 (trive.

Assembled Arts by her Direction toil,
 All Nature is exhausted for the Pile ;
 From *Africk's* Golden, *Asia's* Marble Veins
 Impov'rish'd, one rich Obelisk remains.

Whose

Whose Colonies for labourers employ'd,
 Vast Agate Rocks for Balisters destroy'd,
 A Tomb enrich'd, of Treasure, Earth left void.
 But nearer to that Jasper-Statue go,
 Whose Pedestal th' Occasion dear will show,
 Where fair inscrib'd these Sentences are read,
 ' The living lover's Tribute to the Dead :
 ' Let Earth be Poor, and only rich this Urn.
 Thus *Artemesia* does *Mausolus* mourn.
 Methinks such Pomp of Sorrow might suffice,
 But *Artemesia's* Zeal must higher rise,
 Expende and Art too mean Respect afford,
 Her Breast must Tomb the Ashes of her Lord,
 Which mingling with her Tears in one rich
 (Bowl,
 She drinks for Cordials to her fainting Soul.
 Thus her *Mausolus* still enamour'd Shade
 Beholds his Relicks to her Heart convey'd,
 And of her sacred Breast-----
 A nobler living Mausoleum made.

Nor Camma, was thy Cup of less renown,
 Where just Revenge in Death thou swallow'dst
 (down
 For having lost the Partner of thy Bed,
 And with his Murderer compell'd to wed,
 His hopes of thy Embrace thou didst controul,
 By blending Poison in the Bridal Bowl,
 Th' invenom'd Cup is on the Altar plac'd,
 Which Custom first requires the Bride to taste.
 (For willingly she's to the Temple led
 And Nuptial Rites that ne'er shall reach the
 (Bed)
 From Clouds of Incense her Sinnatus shade,
 Beholds before her Feet his murd'rer laid ;

With

With Rage and Poison burst, the Wretch
 The Altar sparkles with more chearful Fires,
 While her last Words deride his mock'd de-
 (expires,
 (fires.

For with this diff'rence they resign their Breath
 Repining he, triumphant she in Death.

From Heroines should now the Muse aspire
 To sing what wou'd an Angel's Voice require.
 Of Widow-Saints, how wou'd Examples
 (bright
 O'erwhelm her dazled Eyes with too much
 (light?
 Whole Days and Nights, one, to Devotion
 (gives,
 And in the Temple, or her Closet lives;
 By Abstinence and Contemplation brought
 T' a living Shadow, and a walking Thought.
 But while on Pray'rs thin Diet she is pin'd,
 The Poor, her Clients, plump and fair you'll
 (find.

To Hospitals and Prisons she'll repair,
 And visit want when that can't come to her.
 Another, call'd by Duty to Affairs
 Of Life, ev'n in the midst of worldly Cares,
 With equal Piety her Offspring rears.
 Does thro' Domestick Rule so well persist,
 The Master or the Father scarce is mist.

No longer then may Widows seem forlorn,
 Who thus the Female Register adorn.
 Much Fame have they obtain'd, who only Wed
 A Husband's Grave, and Mem'ry of the Dead;
 Nor equal Praise to Matrons we deny;
 Who with a second worthy Choice comply.

Betwixt them 'twere presumption to decide,
Since Prudence does their sev'ral Measures
(guide,
And Virtue waits to serve on either side.

But oh were *Hymen* in this Cause to judge,
(Who always bore to Death and Fate a grudge,
But Nature's Friend) he'd labour to dissuade
Our Widow from her solitary Shade :
His former Triumphs how would he relate,
While she adorn'd the Conjugal Estate ;
His with'ring Garland he would plead to save,
Too rich a Present for a thankless Grave.

An

*An Epitaph upon a Husband and Wife, who
died both in one Day, and were buried together,
after being married 55 Years.*

TO these, whom Death again did Wed,
This Grave's the second Marriage Bed.
For tho' the Hand of Fate could force
Twixt Soul and Body a Divorce.
It could not sever Man and Wife,
Because they both liv'd but one Life.
Peace, good Reader, do not Weep;
Peace, the Lovers are asleep;
They (sweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the last Knot that Love could tie.
Let them Sleep, let them Sleep on,
Till this stormy Night be gone,
And the eternal Morrow dawn,
Then the Curtains will be drawn;
And they awake into a Light,
Whose Day shall never die in Night.

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